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THE British Government has now followed France and a dozen other States in formally recognising the Spanish Republic. This puts a happy end to the rumours which were circulating in Spain that our recognition would not be given till after the elections for the Cortes. The Republic has been peacefully established with the overwhelming support of the Spanish people, and any suggestion to the contrary on our part would be not only an affront, but silly. If meanwhile some Londoners wish to cheer a king who has thrown away his crown from greed of power, and to busy themselves with his motor trips, his red and yellow decorations at the Hôtel Meurice, and his choice of future residences, no harm will be done. Twaddle about the exiled royalties will not hurt the Republican Government. It will be judged by its own policy and achievements at home and abroad—and on those matters it is entitled to scrupulously fair treatment from the foreign press.

* * *

There was a scandalous example of what a newspaper should not do in the Continental *Daily Mail* last Monday, which appeared with the headlines—"Spanish Republicans Trying to Claim Tangier: Rioting in the Streets: British Appeal for Aid: Troops Ready at Gibraltar"—and a sensational story to follow. All this was ridiculed by the *Paris-Midi* a few hours later, and blown sky-high by official denials before the day was out. There is no likelihood of a democratic Spain embarking on dangerous enterprises in foreign affairs. There may be difficulty in filling some of the diplomatic posts with men of the experience possessed by those of the old regime; but, on the other hand, the old stagers are not always the best.

* * *

It is clearly in Spain itself that the Republican Government will be put to the severest test. A constitution has to be hammered out, and this means a tussle between the unitary and the federal principles. Catalonia is already assured of as large a measure of independence as she ought to want; possibly the Basque provinces and others will also press their claims. If Separatism can be kept within reasonable bounds, all may be well. The Finance Minister has the formidable task of bringing the peseta to heel, and those who are responsible for the social services, for education, housing and industrial affairs, will have immense demands to meet. Reformers will be faced, too, by some of the old obstacles—party differences and faction, obscurantism, the secular apathy of the Spaniards. The Army may change its mind, and the Church may refuse to change hers. Nevertheless, there is ample ground for hope. Spain has moved. She has learned lessons, and has made some material advance, under the dictatorship. It may, indeed, turn out that Primo de Rivera and General Berenguer and King

Alfonso have unwittingly laid the foundations of a sound democracy.

* * *

The tragi-comic revolution in Madeira still drags on, to the annoyance of European holiday-makers, and the still greater annoyance, no doubt, of the Portuguese Government. It is, as its leaders proclaim, a rising against the dictatorship in Portugal, with the object of restoring constitutional government. How passionate these rebel soldiers really are for parliamentarianism we do not know; but in any case their enterprise seems hopeless. As we write, a considerable military and naval force is on its way from Portugal to the island, and a prolonged resistance is hardly conceivable. As it is, Madeira is in straits. There is a more or less effective blockade; supplies, both of provisions and of currency, are short, and unemployment among the embroidery workers is rapidly increasing. The hope of the revolutionaries was that their rising would be the signal for a general upheaval in Portugal, and at the outset it looked as though they might not be disappointed. But it seems now that the Lisbon Government is master of the situation, and Madeira will have to surrender as the Azores have already done. Most of the English visitors have left the island; but the special correspondent of the *News Chronicle* still remains and manages to get through instructive and amusing messages from Funchal.

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Prompted by the Nazis, the Prussian Stahlhelm have just concluded a preliminary canvass with a view to securing a dissolution of the Prussian Diet. The procedure is the same as in previous instances where the machinery of the Referendum has been used. The votes of one-fifth of the electorate are required to establish the preliminary canvass, which must then be followed by a Referendum. A clear majority in the Referendum would ensure a dissolution of the Diet and the holding of new elections. At the time of writing the results of the canvass have not been made known, but the Stahlhelm claim to have realised their object. Their ultimate aims are obvious. They hope to break down the Centre-Socialist coalition, which has governed Prussia for so long, and to make a bold bid to put the combined forces of the Right in power at the new elections. Should they succeed in capturing the Prussian Diet, the way would then be clear for the prosecution of that militant national policy which is the main plank in their political platform. Although the Stahlhelm are the prime movers in this matter, there is little doubt that the preliminary canvass has been supported by all German parties standing to the right of the Catholic Centre. It may, therefore, succeed. But the real test will come over the Referendum. Prussia is a Socialist stronghold, and a victory for the Right in that province would be startling.

* * *

The complaints of the Ukrainian minority in the Polish province of Eastern Galicia have now come before the Committee of Three, which the Council of the League of Nations set up according to its usual procedure for dealing with minority grievances. The Ukrainian complaints arise from the conduct of Polish troops and civil authorities during the campaign—according to the Poles, of "pacification," according to the Ukrainians, of terrorisation—which was carried out in Eastern Galicia last autumn. One would have thought that by now the facts, horrifying as they were, had been sufficiently established; but apparently the Committee of Three holds a different opinion. According to the exiguous accounts which are all the public has been offered, the Committee, having heard a report presented by Señor Azcarate, a member of the League Secretariat, has adjourned after requesting further information from the Polish Government. Though there is still time for another meeting before the next session of the Council in June, matters move slowly in Eastern Europe, particularly where minorities are concerned. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Henderson—the Chairman of the Committee—will speed matters up so as to ensure that this time, at least, interested lethargy shall not succeed in blocking the course of justice.

* * *

King Carol of Roumania has not abandoned his adventures since he assumed his crown. He has merely changed their direction. Politics are now his chief occupation, and his interference in the internal affairs of Roumania seems destined to lead him into serious trouble. As we anticipated, M. Titulescu was not the man to put his hand to the dictatorial plough, and, when the King attempted to foist on him an entirely unsuitable Finance Minister in the person of M. Argetoiano, that astute diplomatist withdrew. Having failed in his efforts to form a Cabinet of National Concentration, the King has now fallen back on the weak but amiable Professor Jorga, who has been complacent enough to include the undesirable M. Argetoiano in his list of Ministers. The new Ministry pleases nobody. It is regarded merely as a stop-gap which will enable King Carol to realise his absolutist ambitions. Undeterred by the example of Spain, he has long been toying with the idea of a dictatorship. As he has neither the statecraft nor the experience of King Alfonso, his present policy seems both foolhardy and dangerous. If he persists in his present course, he may well be the next European monarch to lose his throne.

* * *

The free vote which decided in favour of opening Sunday Cinemas divided the House of Commons on unusual lines. Against opening, there was, it is true, a group of Liberals, traditionally representing Nonconformity and personal liberty—causes which sometimes, but not always, coincide. But members of all three parties voted in either lobby, and one of the most tolerant and experienced members of the House spoke for others besides himself when he said that in the course of his Parliamentary life he had never known so difficult a division. The position of those who voted against the Bill was that it was obviously impossible to stop at cinemas; theatres, football, dirt-track racing and all the commercialised joys of Saturday afternoon would invade and destroy the tranquillity of the English Sunday. They held, quite correctly, that there were other ways of meeting the purely legal difficulties in which Mr. Clynes is involved.

Those who favoured opening the cinemas replied, rightly it seems to us, that you cannot keep the English Sunday by Act of Parliament, that if people want entertainment on Sunday—as they certainly do in modern industrial cities—they have every right to it, and that the whole notion of retaining the English Sunday is at bottom that of the well-to-do man who can play tennis in his club or garden (while the parks are closed to Sunday games), can sit in comfort at home or easily spend the week-end in the country. For the poor there is nothing in the world so dreary as a Puritan Sabbath in a town which is too large to escape and where, in the name of religion, everything that gives colour to life is forbidden. The vote for keeping the cinemas closed is really a vote for devoting the whole day, instead of the morning only, to reading the Sunday newspapers in a frowsy room.

* * *

The Government's legislative programme meets check after check. The Education Bill was killed (though it may revive), the Trade Disputes Bill is moribund, the Electoral Reform Bill has already been severely maltreated, and now the Land Utilisation Bill—one of the most important measures which have passed this House of Commons—has been virtually destroyed in the Lords. Clause 1, which aimed at setting up a Land Corporation, and Clause 2, which empowered the Minister to run demonstration farms, were on Wednesday both defeated by large majorities. These Clauses are the most valuable part of the Bill. To spend money in seeking to discover how land can be farmed more economically is regarded by Conservative peers as wasteful. If the Government lives long enough we may presume that the measure will be reintroduced under the terms of the Parliament Act; if the Government falls too soon to make that possible it will at least have the consolation that the House of Lords will have provided plenty of ammunition for a first-class electoral cry of "Peers versus People."

* * *

On Tuesday Major Attlee announced with a flourish the allocation of £29,200,000 for telephone development—not so impressive a gesture when we realise that the expenditure is spread over three years. The Post office has for many years adopted an ultra-conservative policy in regard to the provision of new telephone equipment. Its annual apportionment has long been in the neighbourhood of £10,000,000; the advance now contemplated on existing standards of outlay is thus of the most tentative description. This stickiness, where there is undoubtedly a strong case for a more forward policy, is very hard to explain. The direct control over expenditure exercised by the Treasury is, perhaps, in part responsible, though Postmasters-General have of late been inclined to insist that they can get all the money they want. If that is so, one can only infer that they are hampered by administrative traditions which are out of place in a trading department. It was laid down by "my Lords" half a century ago that supply ought not to anticipate demand. But the secret of successful trading, as other countries know, is the intelligent creation of demand. The telephone facilities of Britain are behind those of all her industrial competitors, and a principal reason for this backwardness is the unwillingness of the Post Office to take risks.

* * *

The alleged intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to effect the transfer, from local Commissioners of Income Tax to the Board of Inland Revenue, of control over the Collectors of Taxes, has aroused a storm of protest in the *Times* and elsewhere. The questions at issue have been in dispute for some years. It is urged, on the one hand, that the present duality of administration leads to waste and inefficiency, and that the collectors' conditions of service could be standardised and improved; on the other, that the collectors are almost the last line of defence between the taxpayer and a rapacious bureaucracy. It is probable that Mr. Snowden will have his way, if he really wants to take over the collectors; there are no votes worth mentioning in Income Tax and there is not much love lost between the Government and Lord Decies' organisation. At the same time, though the occasion is perhaps not a good one, the principle for which Lord Decies is contending is sound. There ought to be some independent check on the activities of a tax-collecting bureaucracy. A possible remedy would be to transfer to County Courts limited powers of adjudication and review.

* * *

We are likely to hear a lot about "quotas" in the near future. Two different proposals have been urged upon the Government—the one is the suggestion, which the Minister of Agriculture is said to favour, of a quota for the English farmer; the other, which arose at last year's Imperial Conference, is a quota for Dominion wheat. The first would be impossible without a guaranteed price: it would be a purely relief measure in aid of hard-hit farmers and it would have the political disadvantage from the Government's point of view of raising the whole cry of food taxes. We feel sure that the Government will not consider it worth while thus to steal the Tory thunder. The Dominion quota is a different matter. The Government, having been jockeyed by Mr. Bennett into promising to go to Ottawa this summer, will be in an awkward position if it goes empty-handed, and it may argue with some force that a Dominion quota at *the world price* will matter very little to anyone. Indeed, the question is whether the Dominions which favoured the idea at the Imperial Conference would now be interested in it. In any case, the proposal is unlikely to come to anything, if only because, when it ever came down to brass-tacks, neither party would be very keen about it and the British Government would be confronted with the political unpopularity of appearing to offer something to the Dominions which it refused to the home farmer. Actually, of course, the pros and cons of the two proposals are quite different, but they would be inevitably linked in the public mind.

* * *

In fining two newspapers for contempt of court last Monday the Lord Chief Justice made some strong comments upon the treatment of crime in the press. He was particularly shocked to hear that a Press Bureau existed at Scotland Yard and expressed the hope that he would never hear of it again. But many things may exist without the knowledge or consent of a Lord Chief Justice, and as long as the press is permitted to feed the public appetite with the details of crime cases the kind of connection between newspapers and Scotland Yard, against which Lord Hewart protested, is likely to continue whether there is an official Press Bureau or not. Nor would all the evil effects of this marketing of crime-stories be ended if Lord Hewart succeeds in making it impossible for the press to prejudice the course of justice by discovering and publishing details about the lives of persons who may later be involved when the case reaches the Courts. The only solution would appear to be that suggested by a correspondent in our columns to-day, who asks why a law should not be passed regulating the reporting of crime on the model of the very successful legislation which dealt with divorce reporting.

PUBLIC CONTROL

THE old exuberance about "nationalisation" has admittedly disappeared even in the ranks of the Labour Party, and with every case of increased State control people ask in perplexity where, nowadays, the line between public and private enterprise can be properly drawn. Thus, for instance, following the precedent of Mr. Baldwin's Electricity Act, Mr. Morrison's Traffic Bill proposes to hand over the London transport services neither to a private monopoly run for the profit of a body of shareholders, nor to a Government department or municipal body working with publicly owned capital, but to a statutory corporation. This new body is to be public, in the sense that its members will be publicly appointed, and will have no financial interest in its commercial success, and in that it is to be subject to Government control in broad matters of policy. But it is to be private in the sense that it will have its own capital, privately subscribed and owned, and will be self-supporting, without claims upon the resources of the State to meet any deficits which it may incur. Is the creation of such a body, as some hold, a step towards Socialism, and an abandonment of the spirit and method of private enterprise? Or is it rather, as others suggest, a way of entrenching private capital by giving to it a semi-public form and the moral guarantee of the State?

The truth, we suggest, comes much nearer to the former of these two views. As we remarked a few weeks ago, hardly any Socialist wishes nowadays to nationalise any industry quite in the old way, by bringing it under the direct control of a Government department after the fashion of the Post Office, or the Admiralty Dockyards, or the building department of the Office of Works. It is recognised that neither Parliament nor the Cabinet can tackle the problem of day-to-day control of our vital industries in addition to their existing preoccupations. It is a matter of agreement that nationalised industries will need separate, and largely autonomous, systems of administration, and that the control exercised over them by Parliaments and by Ministers will have in practice to be confined to matters of high policy, involving considerations of national expediency. As a rule it is only by such methods of delegation of authority that the socialisation of industries can be made a practicable policy.

It is in common with our British political tradition that the first great measure of socialisation embodying this policy should have been carried into effect by a Conservative Government, and that in dealing with London transport Mr. Morrison should be following closely upon the lines laid down by the Baldwin Government. The Conservatives doubtless argued that the case of electricity was exceptional, and were driven to socialise the key sections of it to some extent against their will. But the fact remains that they did socialise it, and that the precedent so established seems likely to be followed before long in a good many other cases. There were indeed forerunners of the Electricity Act itself—the establishment of the Port of London Authority by the Liberals before the war, and of the B.B.C. But these examples serve only to confirm the view that this form of semi-public corporation is obviously the best wherever a public utility service plainly needs to be made a monopoly under public control, and that all three parties have recognised and acted upon this plain indication.

Of course, this new form of public control by semi-autonomous corporations using private capital borrowed at interest raises certain very difficult questions. The idea of public administration has hitherto connoted in men's minds the idea of control by Parliament or by an elected local authority. It will, we hope and believe, continue to involve this idea in matters of high policy plainly concerning the public interest. But we have to learn, as we are learning already in the case of the B.B.C., to distinguish between ultimate control over policy and supervision of the affairs of day-to-day administration. We have to learn that, if we are to manage public services efficiently, we shall have to leave their administrators to get on with the job, reserving the right to criticise, and to replace them if they bungle, but leaving them free, over a wide field, to settle current questions on their own responsibility.

Some matters, certainly, Parliament and the Government will have to reserve. For example, we think the wages paid, the charges exacted from the public, and the raising of new capital will have to be matters outside the exclusive jurisdiction of the managers of socialised enterprise—matters in regard to which the representatives of the community must reserve at least the final right to intervene. There will be, doubtless, as there are now in the case of electricity, provisions for appeal to specially constituted tribunals; and in some matters it will be necessary for the Minister, subject to Parliament, to have the final word. But over a wide field the publicly appointed Commissioners will be suffered to order affairs at their own discretion, subject only to the power of those who represent the public interest to remove them, or to amend the legislation regulating their conduct.

In the minds of some critics these public utility corporations cannot stand for the principle of socialisation because their capital continues to be privately owned, and because interest is still paid for its use. But there is in this really no difference between them and the ordinary type of municipal enterprise. Interest is not the less interest because it is paid upon municipal bonds not specifically issued on the basis of the revenue of the municipal tramway system, but upon the credit of the municipality as a whole. Indeed, the bondholder gets a better security when his ownership is guaranteed by the State or a municipality than when it is made a charge only on the revenue of a particular trading enterprise. It is no less socialistic to borrow money for the Central Electricity Board than to borrow it for Hull or Manchester. The plain fact is that, in either case, interest has to be paid until the capital is either wiped out by means of a sinking fund or taxed out of existence by action of the State. And it is clear that, if we are to expropriate the bondholders, the right way of doing so is by taxation, either upon incomes, or, more sweepingly, upon inheritance.

We conclude, then, that the coming form of socialisation will be the public utility corporation rather than

the direct administration of industries either by the State or by municipal bodies. This development is bound to come, whatever party is in office; but it will come more rapidly from Labour than from the Conservatives, and probably with rather less extravagant tenderness for vested rights. The outstanding fact is that it will come in any case, because it is implicit in the present economic needs of industry and the public. Modern industrialism makes monopoly, in many cases, inevitable and even indispensable. Not even Conservatism dare create great monopolies in purely private hands, and not even the most ardent Socialist thinks that the State can directly administer industry. The answer to the dilemma is in terms of the public service corporation; and one of the most vital problems of the immediate future is the careful working out of the best terms of socialisation along these lines.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MR. GANDHI

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN INDIA.]

THE Congress at Karachi proved that the Mahatma has a hold, both on the Congress Party and upon outside opinion, which has never been equalled since nationalism became a force in India. Tilak was a far abler politician, but he was too much of a Brahmin and too definitely connected with Western India to have such a universal following. There have been many orators, like Bannerji, who have carried the Congress with them, but the rapidity of their rise and fall showed that their appeal was superficial. Gokhale gave of his best for nationalism and for his country, but failed to catch the popular imagination. The late Mr. C. R. Das had nearly all the qualifications, but died too young. In view of the part which Mr. Gandhi will play during the coming year it is important to understand the cause of his extraordinary influence. He is, of course, an extremely complex personality, but there are two special points of view from which it is worth considering his character and his career. The first is what an American correspondent once succinctly described as "this saint business." The second is his connection with Indian groups previously unaffected by the more militant forms of nationalism.

One of the main differences between the modern European and those who still maintain a more mediæval, and incidentally a more religious, outlook is the belief that there exists a perfect solution for all our mundane troubles. This knowledge cannot be acquired by a mere process of reasoning. Mr. Worldly Wiseman may be able to produce a passable solution, but in Heaven there is the perfect pattern, and an occasional glimpse of this can only be vouchsafed to men of pure life. This idea colours all of Mr. Gandhi's views, as it does those of most Indians except a very few who have acquired a completely Western European outlook. Whenever Mr. Gandhi has made a mistake (and he has himself confessed to "Himalayan blunders") his first instinct is to wonder how he has come to lose his contact with the fountain head of truth. His solution is to purify himself by a long fast, so as to recover his inspiration. It does not occur to him, as it would to most Englishmen, that he may have made a mistake in his political reasoning, or that his original premises may have been wrong. Such an attitude may appear egoistical, but many Southern and Eastern Europeans would have little difficulty in understanding it, and the idea is frequently met with in mediæval literature. It has, of course, full religious sanction. Only the pure in heart can hope for a glimpse of the perfect solution, locked in the heart of the Almighty. What is hidden from the wise may be revealed to babes and sucklings. The modern European simply does not believe this. Modern politics are a dirty game, and one must try to find, probably by many compromises, the best solution possible.

The Indian, curiously enough, has a somewhat similar attitude towards Lord Irwin. The latter is a meat-eating Englishman, so that his connection with the powers above cannot be very effective; but Indians recognise in him a spirituality which is unusual amongst Europeans. Probably if Lord Irwin had undertaken a fortnight's fast, and then sat down with Mr. Gandhi to produce a new constitution, millions of Indians would have been prepared to accept the result as a revelation, embodying all wisdom.

It is necessary to emphasise this typically Indian point of view because it explains a curious paradox about Mr. Gandhi. His feeling that he is inspired makes him completely ruthless about methods; but that does not mean that the policy which he may put forward at any moment is equally drastic. He is at heart a rather conservative old gentleman, of pacifist outlook, and much inclined to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Thus he may discover that his wife, entirely unawares, has used for her housekeeping a sum of two rupees which ought to have been credited to some political fund. He is upset for several days. He may decide upon some tactical move, like the "salt march." Nothing will deflect him from his course. On the other hand, when faced with some ordinary political problem, with both sides fully stated, he is as likely as anyone else to form a balanced and rather "safe" opinion and, unlike most politicians, will not subsequently alter this opinion because he is told that it will be inconvenient for his friends.

The "saint business" gives the Mahatma two advantages as a politician. It gives him great confidence in himself, and if at any time that confidence is impaired, the solution lies within himself, and he does not have to go to his companions to find comfort. It also brings him a large measure of support from Indians of all kinds who would not normally be drawn into politics, and also from many foreigners. This popular reverence makes it inevitable that, so long as he is in politics, he must be the leader. No one can tell whether the crowds which fill the railway platforms whenever he travels have come primarily to hear the Congress gospel, or to receive Gandhi's *dershan*, or blessing. Many of the women undoubtedly come chiefly for the latter reason, but the effect is that so long as Mr. Gandhi is in the party, he must be at the head. His vogue in America marks him off from other Indian politicians in the same way. He may, and very probably will, retire within a year or so, but no Indian politician can make him take second place. The only danger to the prestige of a saint is another saint. St. Simeon Stylites is safe, until another Simeon finds another and a higher pillar.

It is often suggested that Mr. Gandhi's cult of simplicity is a pose. This is a superficial view. He probably appreciates the advantage of sitting half-naked and at peace in a verandah when he has to talk to hot and bothered Europeans, and he emphasises his advantage by the most beautiful manners, which might well be taken as a model by nine out of ten of our public men. His austerity is, however, perfectly genuine. There is something essentially Hindu in this craving for simplicity in middle age. It attacks successful Indians about the time that an American or Englishman thinks that he ought to take up dancing again or launch out as a country squire. As a method of preparing for death, to those who believe in an after-life,

there is something to be said for the Indian idea. The form it takes in the Mahatma's case is slightly bizarre, even to Indians, because he happened to be brought up in the Jain tradition, and this embodies the extremes of self-denial and simplicity in dress and life. He seems to thrive upon it. When he comes to London he will doubtless have a talk with Mr. Bernard Shaw on diet and mental activity. This at least is on record—that when he finally reached at midnight an agreement with Lord Irwin, after a long day of negotiations, he insisted on walking seven miles back to Old Delhi, then called his working committee together and began a discussion which lasted several hours. His day's sustenance was a little bread and almond paste.

The other and entirely unspiritual advantage which is possessed by Mr. Gandhi is the fact that he belongs to an extremely important caste, which has produced singularly few distinguished men. He is a *bania*, a shopkeeper, and he can speak for a class which has much money and influence, but very few friends. Everyone talks well of the peasant until it is necessary to do something practical to help him. The war-like *Kshattriya* can live on their past glory. The Brahmin, though far from so omnipotent as the Die-hards at home profess to believe, is more than adequately represented wherever men talk or write. The poor old shopkeepers have had no one to laud their sterling virtues; they are seldom even described as the backbone of India. They were delighted when a Gujerati *bania* startled the world, and became the most famous Indian of his day. They overwhelmed him with offers of help. Many of them are large employers of labour, mill-owners and contractors. If they could not help the Mahatma personally, at least they could support his cause, and it so happened that they had their own quarrel with the British Government, quite apart from the general question of nationalism. This was the origin of a curious alliance, which many people who wish the Congress well find a little disturbing.

The financial help given by the *banias* was sufficient to alter the basis of the non-violent campaign. Their funds made it possible for the Congress Party to enlist a considerable army of volunteers, and pay them a small daily allowance. It has been reckoned that they must have had forty or fifty thousand men on their pay-roll when the movement was at its height. It was undoubtedly the existence of a large volunteer force, over which the Congress had some small financial control, that made the campaign so successful. Few probably troubled to wonder about the origin of the money which was being distributed in Bombay and elsewhere. The individual amounts were very small—less than a coolie's wages—and it was probably received as manna from above. The group of men who provided most of the money were at first prepared to give the Mahatma whatever he wanted; but towards the end there was a tendency to ask for their pound of flesh. Some of their requirements, such as the control of finance and commerce, they foresee as the result of the Round Table Conference, but they are beginning to realise that some of their special grievances, such as the Government's currency policy since the war, are likely to rouse opposition in India. They also disapprove of certain tendencies inside the Congress Party, which has got a strong Socialist and Communist wing, led by Subash Bose, Jawaharlal Nehru, and others. They, were, therefore, beginning to get restive for some time before the pact was settled.

Mr. Gandhi's shopkeeper connection has thus proved a source of weakness as well as strength. It has made him the medium through which much of the Congress money was obtained, it has brought into the movement a very large lower middle-class population, but if the larger industrialists are too greedy they may well split the Congress Party. Their leaders are already talking about making India safe for plutocracy. In the next nine months the Mahatma has got to come to terms with the Moslems, the Princes and the British. At the same time he has got to prevent his Left-wing followers from splitting off. He may just succeed, but the least we can do in England is not to make his task harder by treating him either as a fanatic or a poseur. He is a very astute old gentleman who honestly holds some religious beliefs that our great-great-grandfathers would have found it quite easy to understand.

SPAIN IN REVOLUTION

WHEN I crossed the Straits from Africa to Spain a fortnight ago, kind friends were full of warnings to look out for trouble. The Spanish elections, it is true, were only a matter of choosing town councillors. But there had been none for eight years; the old regime was tottering; the real question at the polls had nothing to do with drains or schools or trams—it was "Aye" or "No" to the Dictatorship and the Monarchy. There would be strikes, rioting, anarchy, revolvers and machine guns. The prophets of woe were astonishingly wrong. Trouble there was—of a sort. But the revolution that in a few hours turned the kingdom into a republic went off like a Sunday-school treat. In the length and breadth of Spain there was no more blood spilt than would have filled a pint pot, and less damage than might have occurred in a tolerable-sized industrial dispute.

Algeciras on the day of the elections looked about as dull as Dover on a Sunday afternoon, and the reports from all over the country showed nothing more than the normal excitement at the polling-booths. At night came the news of sweeping victories for the Republicans, and all the world was on the tiptoe of hope and fear. But there was little, even when one drove into Seville on the Monday afternoon, to suggest to the casual traveller—or even to the Spaniard in the street—the bigness and the swiftness of the event. Seville was full of crowds and noise—but it always is—and newspapers were selling like hot cakes, or rather, like ices, for the temperature was over 70 in the shade. There was, of course, an incessant coming and going in the Ayuntiamento, the Town Hall, and at the headquarters of the party organisations. But the next day rumours rapidly became certainties. The King was going; the new Provisional Government with Señor Alcalá Zamora at its head was taking over in Madrid; and in a flash, as it seemed, the Republic burst triumphantly into being. Seville, like every other town in Spain, was ablaze with the new tricolour flag—red and yellow and purple. It floated from the Town Hall (in company with a red Socialist banner); it popped out of private windows, and it waved from the hands of equestrian statues. At four o'clock in the afternoon processions poured through the streets—dense blocks of students, workmen, girls and greybeards, with deafening cries of "Viva la Republica!" A motor-car packed with gesticulating Republican councillors was followed at a few yards' interval by another in which six musicians, sitting on each other's knees, blared out the "Marseillaise" on dubious brass instruments. Prudent shopkeepers hastened to put up their shutters; but they soon took them down again, for there was no ground for alarm. The crowd was in the best of tempers; there was no violence—not even horseplay.

In the Plaza de San Fernando a vast concourse listened to harangues from the balconies of the Town Hall, which it punctuated with great clappings of hands and shouts of "Viva!" Later, when the official orators were

exhausted, a group of Communist youths took possession of a monument in the middle of the Plaza, and shrilled out their propaganda, and one now heard " Viva la Rusia ! " as a variant of " Viva la Republica ! " The police were everywhere—and the troops, very wisely, nowhere. They had no difficulty in keeping order, because no one wished to be disorderly. Later, it is true—the next night—there was some disturbance, when an unruly section of the populace indulged in window breaking and looting. Some say it was the Communists who started the row, others—which is not very likely—that it was the criminals who, here as in some other towns, had been let out of the gaol. (There was a general amnesty and release of all political prisoners, but in certain places the mob invaded the prisons, and set free a number of common delinquents. Some of these, it is said, afterwards surrendered themselves again to the authorities, as they had no money for board and lodging, or means of getting to their homes !) For a time things looked ugly, there were several casualties, and the authorities were obliged to proclaim martial law in Seville, but this was lifted within forty-eight hours.

Wednesday was a National Holiday, and the whole town took a day off, including trams and taxis, the cathedral, the museums, and even a number of the cafés. Processions, speeches, and " Vivas " went on monotonously, and there were a few new developments. Not only civilians, but policemen, were decorated with Republican rosettes, and royal badges had disappeared from uniforms. A few royal heads and coats of arms had also disappeared from statues here and there. Some anti-clerical zealot had scrawled in large black letters on the apricot-coloured wall of the Archbishop's Palace : " The Palace of the Inquisition, of Lies and Prostitution." And in a faubourg I saw a crowd watching with clamorous approval a waiter on top of a ladder pasting white paper over the third word of his restaurant's sign—*Los Tres Reyes*, The Three Kings. There is a lot of re-christening to be done in Spain, and indeed, a lot has been done already. Streets, squares, ships, hotels, have changed their names from " Alfonso " and other royal sounding titles to " Republic " and " Constitution," or to " Galan " and " Garcia Hernandez " (the two officers who were condemned by court-martial and shot after the Jaca revolt a few months ago).

In Cordova on Wednesday evening the celebrations seemed of an almost religious solemnity. There was a long procession, composed of various groups, Socialist Youths, Musical Societies, Trade Unions, Communists, each with its banners, and some with music. (The " Marseillaise " played in the street on two fiddles and six guitars sounds a trifle bizarre !) It moved like a tortoise between the ranks of spectators who stood in happy stolidity under the flowering orange trees that line the boulevard. Here, too, the police, like everyone else, wore the Republican colours, and here too one saw the odd sight of groups of civilians clapping and cheering army officers as they strolled past. By Thursday all was normal. The whole country was hard at work again—as hard, that is to say, as is usual in Spain. And in Madrid at the end of the week there was nothing out of the common to see but the universal tricolour; the police with red brassards; the Royal Palace in the hands of the bailiffs, so to speak; an occasional broken statue, and others unbroken but with official notices hung on them asking that they should be respected as works of art; and a number of aeroplanes performing low-flying stunts in honour of the return of the famous Major Franco.

It was not easy to find a monarchist to talk to. They had gone to earth—and some, who could afford it, to foreign earth. The aristocracy, indeed, seems to have been seized with panic; numbers have bolted abroad to save their skins and their possessions, neither of which were in any danger, and have brought themselves and their cause into general ridicule. The King and the royal family, of course, had to go, and one is rather amused to read the eulogies in the English newspapers of Don Alfonso's splendid courage and patriotism in not standing fast in Madrid and putting up a fight. He could not have done so, even if he had wished to; for he could count on nobody's support. The Army was quite plainly for the Republic, and there were few of the monarchist politicians who were prepared to risk anything for him. Even the Church, though tradition and material interest, of course, make it royalist, is not so absolutely " True-Blue " as is generally imagined. The King's friends let him down, it has been said. If they did, it was perhaps because he has so often let them down. That he took his beating well, that he acted sensibly and decently in leaving as he did, need not be denied. To make a hero of him for not plunging the country into civil war, and risking his head as well as his crown, is merely silly. That he may come back one day is possible, but it is highly improbable. The elections for the Cortes that will be held in a few weeks time will certainly not show a demand for a Bourbon restoration, and hopes based on the history of the short-lived Republic of sixty years ago are likely to prove illusions.

This is not to say that the new regime is firm in the saddle. It has enormous difficulties to face. For the moment, of course, Ministers can do nothing wrong; they have the backing of a liberated Press, of enthusiastic party organisations and of a public which, if it is not particularly well versed in political issues, is enjoying an immense sense of relief. As a hotel-keeper, who looked thoroughly monarchical, said to me the other day : " Of course, we are all for the Republic. Can't you imagine what it is like to escape from eight years of sitting on and gagging and spying? " And that feeling of relief and hope has possessed all classes and all ages. But the Republican Government will have presently to turn pious aspirations and more or less vague promises into positive practical measures. It has gigantic social reforms to carry, above all in education, for something over fifty per cent. of the population is illiterate. It has to deal with the financial problem and the Separatist problem. Added to all this, there is the possibility of internal dissensions; among the supporters of the Provisional Government, and indeed in the Government itself, there are Socialists, Liberals and Conservatives. A coalition of these diverse elements to get rid of the Bourbons, to cancel " summer time " and stop duchesses from getting across the frontier with fifteen or twenty thousand pesetas in their handbags, is easy enough. The test will come with the necessity of doing and not merely undoing. But every well-wisher of Spain—and certainly everyone who saw the miracle of last week—can say without compunction " Viva la Republica ! "

C. M. L.

A WRONG ARGUMENT

THERE are, as a rule, extraordinary arguments produced during a controversy—arguments like that of the old lady who opposed cremation on the ground that it was the thin end of the wedge. It was an anti-gambling fanatic who wished to close the public-houses because drink often leads to dart-throwing. Mr. W. Morrison, the Conservative Member for Cirencester and Tewkesbury, did not reach quite this imaginative height in his speech in the House of Commons opposing the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill. At the same time, one of his arguments against the Bill was fairly entitled to be described as

extraordinary. Considering the Sunday opening of cinemas as a breach of the Fourth Commandment, he referred to other Commandments, and warned his fellow-members that "they could not say 'Honour thy father and thy mother, but you need not do so if the local authority says so.' Again, they could not say 'You can covet your neighbour's goods if the town council says you can, provided that you give some of them to the hospital.'"

This argument may be called extraordinary because it seems to take for granted that it is the duty of the State to enforce the Ten Commandments. Many good men have undoubtedly thought so in the past. Both Rome and Geneva have produced dreamers who believed that it was the function of the State to inscribe the law of God on the Statute Book and to compel men to live righteously as the Church understood righteousness. Even in the compromising atmosphere of England, men were at one time legally bound to go to church on Sunday, and not to a church chosen by themselves, but to a church chosen for them by the State. And in many places the compulsion of conformity to virtue went far beyond Sabbath observance. There were certain States in which a lover's kiss was an offence against the law. I do not know whether there has ever been a State in which photography was forbidden on the ground that it involves the making of a graven image, but if photography had been invented two centuries earlier, I am sure there would have been. Many good men in those days believed that the State had failed in its duty if it permitted anything that was not permitted in the Bible. That, to us to-day—possibly, though not probably, we are wrong—seems an extraordinary misunderstanding of the function of the State.

Mr. Morrison's own ironical examples, indeed, suggest how difficult it is for the State to usurp the duty of the Church to make citizens Christians. Does the State to-day, for example, attempt to enforce the Commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother"? Even if the State compelled a son to support his parents, it is perfectly clear that it could not compel him to honour his father and his mother in the real meaning of the words. Such things are outside the laws of man. The laws of man are not directed against sins but against social offences. Every reasonable human being wishes to see children respecting their parents, but even children who behave extremely disrespectfully to their parents are not to-day sent to gaol. Any son in England, even though he is still in his 'teens, may tell his father that he is an old fool or a gasbag, or may call him "Snarley-gob," yet the father will find the police unsympathetic if he rings them up to complain. The parent has still a few legal rights over his children till they are of age, but he has not a legal right to their respect. When they are of age, he has scarcely more legal rights over them than over strangers. They may not libel him, they may not rob him, they may not murder him, but the law gives them full liberty not to honour him. That is why the State will never say (in Mr. Morrison's phrase) "Honour thy father and thy mother, but you need not do so if the local authority says so." It will never say this, because it knows that the State (or the local authority) is incapable either of enforcing or of abrogating such a Commandment. The appeal of such Commandments must be to the conscience, not to fear of the magistrate.

This is not to say that the State should be indifferent to the virtue of its citizens. It should do all in its power to create conditions that are favourable to virtue, but it is going outside its province, and is bound to fail, if it makes its object, not the suppression of crime, but the suppression of sin. We may take, for example, a sin referred to by Mr. Morrison—the sin of covetousness. What conceivable step could any State in any age have taken to punish this ineradicable vice of human nature? How is the cleverest detective of Scotland Yard to tell whether I covet my neighbour's ox or his ass or not? If I covet my neighbour's wife and do not run away with her, who can possibly know about it except myself? Perhaps, not even my neighbour's wife. As for my neighbour's goods, if it is against the law of England to covet them I ought to be in Dartmoor. Let me be frank. Chatsworth and Blenheim may remain, unenvied by me, in the hands of those who possess them, but a small secure private income that will go on for ever—that is another matter. I covet the private means of the man of private means who lives in what he calls a cottage. I covet his bogus cottage, and if this is an offence against the laws of England the police are at liberty to use this confession as evidence against me. But they are not on the track of sinners. They are more interested in people who have forgotten to renew their driving licences. What they want to know is not whether I have broken the Ten Commandments, but whether I have broken the laws of England—whether, for example, I have broken the law which forbids me to buy sodawater after 1 p.m. on the Thursday half-holiday.

Mr. Morrison's argument against the opening of cinemas on Sunday ignores the difference between offences against Heaven—or what men conceive to be offences against Heaven—and offences against the State. There is, it may be admitted, some reason for a confusion between the two, since the law on several points coincides with the Ten Commandments. Thus the State, like the Church, condemns theft and murder. But the State condemns them not as offences against God but against one's fellow-citizens. In an ideal world, possibly, the State would be identical with the Church, and the law of man would be indistinguishable from the law of God. But in practice this has been found not to work, and all attempts to make it work have resulted in persecution and petty interference with men's private lives. Thus to-day, even a Christian nation is reluctant to use the law to prosecute citizens who are guilty of blasphemy. Certainly, in practice, every citizen enjoys the right of being as blasphemous as he pleases at his own fireside. Even in public he is permitted to use language that would make an orthodox Christian shudder. If there is any justification for persecuting men for blasphemy nowadays, it is not that the State has the duty of enforcing obedience to the Ten Commandments, but that, if a man outrages the feelings of his fellow-citizens unduly, it may lead to a breach of the peace. Up to a point, of course, the State is the guardian of morality. Knowing its citizens to be eminently capable of corruption, it makes all kinds of laws for limiting their opportunities, for example, to drink and gamble. Even here, however, the wise State confines itself, as far as possible, to preventing nuisances rather than sins. It forbids betting in one place but not in another. It will not permit the opening of a Casino, but, in the privacy of his club, the citizen may lose as much money at bridge as he pleases, with no policeman to prevent him. A man may not be drunk in the street, but he has no feeling that the eye of the law is upon him if he goes drunk to bed. The State, indeed, does not forbid him to do evil—or it would forbid gluttony—but only to do evil in circumstances in which he becomes a social pest. There are undoubtedly various laws surviving which were framed by Parliament for the purpose of compelling citizens to be virtuous. But, as opinions differ so widely as to the definition of virtue, laws of this kind have been falling more and more into abeyance.

And, just as the moral law enjoins many things that the State law does not and cannot enforce, so the State law compels us to do many things that lie outside the moral law altogether. It is not an offence against the moral law

to buy cigarettes after 8 p.m., but the State punishes it as an offence. Not even a fanatic would describe it as a sin, but it is forbidden, rightly or wrongly, as an interference with the liberty of shop-assistants. Similarly, the traffic regulations are not based on a theory that it is a sin to drive on the right side of the road: other countries actually compel one to drive on the right side of the road. Regulations must be made, however, for the general convenience, and it is for interfering with the general convenience that a man who drove his car along the right side of Piccadilly would be prosecuted. The State, indeed, will punish a virtuous man who keeps to the right while the worst man in the world, if he keeps to the left, will go unreproved.

On the whole, then, it seems likely that the State will ultimately settle the question of permitting Sunday amusements without regard to any considerations except those of the general convenience. It is for the churches that disbelieve in Sunday amusements to dissuade their adherents from indulging in them; it is for the State to allow the citizens liberty to choose how they will spend their time, provided they do nothing to interfere unduly with the liberty of others. I can see no logical argument for the closing of cinemas on Sunday that would not lead to a law compelling everyone to go to church. After long experience, however, the State came to the conclusion that compulsory church attendance resulted not in more Christianity but only in more trouble. The conscience of the State came into conflict with the conscience of the citizen, and, after a struggle, the State realised that it must strictly curb its conscience in order that the consciences of its citizens might have room to breathe. It is the part of religion and philosophy to incite men to perfections. It is the part of the State to make regulations for their social behaviour and, as a law-maker, a wise man will permit many things of which, as a churchman, he may disapprove. Even a Sabbatarian could logically vote for a Bill to permit the opening of cinemas on Sunday. He would be voting, not in favour of Sunday amusements, but in favour of allowing those who differed from him to amuse themselves according to their own consciences. Y. Y.

FARMLAND FIGURES OF OLD TIME

DOWN in the village whose every house I know, they have buried the old thatcher who, though far "in his seventy," still cut his own spindles, of hazel wood for choice, mended his own ladder, and liked to select his own straw. He was paid by the square of one hundred square feet, and his thatch, well and truly laid, would hold a stack into the third year and a north-side roof for twenty. On a southern face it needed the aid of thin mesh wire to endure so long. He would say "You must wire this, master. Don't, they sparrers an' starlings 'll fleck it all to pieces." He could thatch oblong and round stacks with equal ease, and albeit without "book larnin'" could measure the one as readily as the other. Weather-wise and extraordinarily industrious, he could tell of mornings when he was at his work when the village clock struck four, and had ended when it was too dark to see. One of these days provided a great occasion in his life, for the grateful farmer whose stacks were threatened by a storm that broke shortly after the work was done came into the stack-yard with a large jug of beer and a mutton "parsty," as generous an expression of gratitude as the old thatcher had ever known. "Nobody never see roof or stack o' mine let wet," was his boast, "that's why folk set store by me."

He never married. "That's a hazardable thing to do," he told me once. "You got to feed her, an' she'll ast ye f'r dresses, whiles, an' she'll goo off ill, an' then there's child'en an' they come expensive. An' in my work you never know where you are, so to speak. There's whiles there's nothin' doin', but y'r stomach don't stop roarin' at ye for that."

So he lived and died a bachelor, tending a three-roomed cottage with the assistance once a week of an old woman who "clent him out" for eighteenpence. In the intervals of labour he smoked his pipe, tended his garden, kept some of the Old English black bees in straw skeps and handled them without veil or gloves.

"You want to speak to 'em," he explained once, when, by no means free from fear, I stood by unprotected. "Bees are full of onderstanding, but folk ain't. That's why bees sting 'em."

He had a few acquaintances and only one friend, the shepherd, but he could be companionable over a pot of beer, and would tell his father's stories of the gaugers and smugglers. When he was a lad a farmer could hire men and women from a "gangster" who recruited them. They came to haysel or harvest or fruit-picking and lived as best they could in sheds and barns, promiscuously. "A bad old lot" was the thatcher's comment, "never kep' theirselves to theirselves; a poachin', thievin' set o' varmints."

Why farmers should have employed a gangster in the old days, when a man's wages were not more than twopence an hour and there was a local surplus available, is past understanding. "Farmers never went short," the old man has told me many a time. "They could go up street and find a dozen likely lads ready f'r a job. They can't do it now," he would add with a chuckle. "There was three of us could thetch in this village then, an' now there's just me, an' I'm gettin' tore out."

His friend the shepherd had buried his wife and parted with his three children. One boy had "gone out furrin," and two daughters had gone into the "sheers." He lived alone, and from time to time on winter evenings shepherd and thatcher would meet by the fireside of one or the other. Perhaps because I came bearing gifts, two one-ounce packets of shag or a length of black tobacco mixed with molasses, they would suffer themselves to talk of old times before me, and the shepherd, by far the elder of the two, knew something of the smuggling days, days when he was, he said, "jest a little old boy." It was a very disconnected story, but one incident stands out. A small barrel was taken to the Rectory porch and left there. The shepherd was sent up to the house by his father on an errand, and the Rector expressed his astonishment and the hope that the gift, already in his cellar, had paid duty. "I towd him," said the old shepherd slyly, "that was mos'ly bound to ha' pide duty, bein' he was a clargyman an' all." And so, out of the dead years in whose depths rector and excisemen, smugglers, and the farm hands who helped them, lie out of sight and out of mind, the old retort came back. Apparently the farm hands worked with the smugglers, the farmers lent wagons and horses, while the clergyman took his tithe and hoped for the best.

Still more interesting was the story of the copyhold cottages. When I knew the parish first, it consisted of half a dozen farms, a score of cottages, and a general store. Of these cottages, two or three picturesque little places of weather board, plaster and thatch, stood in ruins, and I wondered why. Then one summer day the Lords of the Manor came down to hold a court and summon homage men and learn of offences committed to their detriment since their last visit three years before, the felling of trees, cutting of turf and other evil deeds. When this work was done, and an ample lunch had refreshed the court, the coach drove these Manor Lords, withered and elderly men as far removed from life as the customs they stood for, to the last of these

cottages, where the Clerk "proclaimed" them. Underneath this practice lay a tragedy. Some man, by incredible thrift or fortunate inheritance, had purchased one of the copyholds. On his death the Manor Lords, in their capacity as copyholder, had demanded a substantial fine before they would admit the heir, generally a penniless farm hand. Without payment he could not enter, without three proclamations the Lords of the Manor could not take possession. But they only came to this remote village once in three years, and so, by the time they had the right to take over, years of neglect had made possession worthless. The village boys had broken the windows, rats had over-run the house, birds had riddled the thatch. "A remnant most forlorn of what it was" awaited them, and they abandoned it to utter ruin. The shepherd could name a dozen landless heirs, a dozen sites that had once held a pleasing home. He chuckled to think that the Manor Lords got nothing for their pains; the loss of the rightful owner passed unnoticed.

But the shepherd was a hard man, one of a family of twelve, of whom a certain number, he could not be precise, had died of starvation. Food had consisted of bread, "heavy swimmers," i.e. dumplings made, without fat or suet, of flour, water and salt, and boiled potatoes, turnips and parsnips. A snared rabbit and some hedgerow fruit helped, while in due season the children caught sparrows in traps and robbed birds' nests. "Them what couldn't stummick their wittles," explained the shepherd, "went off dead. I never ailed anything."

He would tell how the overseer would come along and pick out helpless old folk for the workhouse as a butcher might pick out sheep for slaughter. The struggle for life had made him insensitive. He would tell, with quiet amusement, or so it seemed, of men and women who besought the overseer to allow them to die in their own home, or in the corner that a younger generation had spared, but no petition availed. Off they went to the workhouse on the far-away hill, to mope and fret for a little while and pass, often with the last request, a request unheeded, that they might be buried in their own parish among those fortunate ones who had passed before the overseer had intervened.

I remember going to that workhouse and making an excuse to see the Master. He was a gruff man with the bushy beard that was an outstanding feature of the countryfolk in those years, but a brief chat with him convinced me that he added nothing to the horrors of the Union. He deplored the attitude of the old folk. "We make 'em comfortable," he protested, as we paced the garden side by side. "They're warm come th' winter, mind ye, they got a good bed, an' if th' food's rough it's clean, an' better than they're used to. An' come Christmas we give 'em all a treat." To him it was incomprehensible that so many old men and women who, "by the good rights," should have been happy and comfortable, elected to "flinch from their appetite" and "go off dead," just as if they had been some of the wild birds that the boys snared and tried to keep alive in tiny cages. He was perplexed and annoyed about it. "Some aggravatin'," he declared, "that's what that is."

One summer when I was abroad the old shepherd "took ill," and the overseer pounced upon him. Just as the others had protested, he cried out in his turn, and even sent a message to me. I received it on my return and hurried to the rescue, three weeks too late.

The cottage he lived in goes empty to-day. He dwelt in it for upwards of seventy years, and those who have gone to it since have left hastily, declaring that he dwells there still. They see him between the lights in the garden that he loved to tend, or in the ingle-nook where he smoked his pipe and denounced the backsliding of his neighbours. And they are afraid.

S. L. B.

A VACATION EXERCISE

IN town, when each morning I glance through the *Times*
For the news of the world, and a theme for my rhymes,
I thrill with excitement, I groan in despair,
As each paragraph tells of some weighty affair.

For Sir Oswald's new Party a portent appears,
Since it *may* set the ranks of the Left by the ears.
If a Greek at the throat of a Bulgar should fly,
Then I shudder to think Armageddon draws nigh.

But here in the country the *Times* goes unread
While the news of the world passes over my head,
And the posters and headlines assail me in vain
With the censure debate and the troubles of Spain.

For the villagers' gossip (half fact, half invention)
Seems much more important and worthy attention;
And all matters of State seem but trifling affairs
To the life that goes on in the smallest of squares.

Of these two perspectives, pray which is the right one?
Should the big things enthrall or the small things delight one?
Or is it, perhaps, that by each is revealed
Just one half of the truth, while one half is concealed?

For the welfare of little folks' humdrum concerns
On the action of statesmen unwittingly turns;
And statecraft's an empty, unworthy affair
Except as it safeguards the life in the square.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

A WORLD ECONOMY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson's interesting article in defence of Great Britain's Free Trade policy, under the above heading in your issue of last week, shows a wonderful and beautiful faith. Cobden pinned his faith in his policy on his stated conviction that all other nations would follow our lead within seven years. Twelve times seven years have passed since then and Mr. Hobson states that he sees encouraging signs that many bankers and merchants in Europe and "even" in the United States "have been moving steadily" towards Cobden's grand ideal—for no one will deny that Universal Free Trade is a grand ideal. The question is "How long . . . !" and can Great Britain stay the course? Or is it that it is expedient that one nation die for the other nations?

Mr. Hobson states that "our normal policy for several generations has rested on a firm belief that our interest has been served by buying what we need to buy in the cheapest market." By "what we need to buy" he means, presumably, what we cannot produce ourselves. But Cobden made no such qualification, and quite rightly, therefore, as a Free Trade nation under the pressure of excessively heavy taxation, we are buying everything we use in the cheapest market. In the long run—if the run is much longer—what we need to buy in Mr. Hobson's sense, and what we use will become synonymous terms. We shall have ceased to produce anything, especially agriculturally. We may then still "reap great gains both as traders and investors," but is this Mr. Hobson's idea of Great Britain's future?

Yours, etc.,

Tweenways, Hindhead, Surrey.

A. R. DUNCAN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Referring to your article "Free Trade: Negative and Positive," I was particularly struck with this sentence: "It is obvious that having accepted the principle of control instead of *laissez-faire* at home, our foreign trade cannot altogether escape inclusion in that control." The writer goes on to advance what may be called the common sense objection to protective tariffs as the form of that control of foreign trade. We may well ask what is the alternative.

There is, surely, a strange resemblance between the insulation proposals of the New Party as outlined by Sir Oswald Mosley in his pamphlet and the logical solution of your writer's difficulty. May we not thus avoid the evils of pure protection and at the same time arrive at the necessary controls?—Yours, etc.,

16 Portinscale Road, East Putney, S.W. PETER WINCKWORTH.

[We have received several other letters pointing out—as we ourselves suggested—that Free Trade does not in itself offer any solution for our present difficulties, and we agree that the situation calls for special remedies. Our concern for the moment was to urge that no purely national solution would serve. "Insulation" seems to us of all things the least possible or desirable, and the necessary control of our foreign trade should proceed side by side with a drive towards the most important of reforms—the international stabilisation of the purchasing power of gold. That is not perhaps as far from being practical politics as some of our correspondents imagine.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

MR. SNOWDEN'S PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The attraction of your Budget Supplement's proposal to stabilise the War Loan interest at 5 per cent. till 1947, is marred by the certainty that it will not happen, and one would have liked a discussion of something more probable. Why not the type of scheme that has been a commonplace of City talk for six months—a Goschen-like conversion into a stock with diminishing interest?

Here is a scale, merely by way of example and not as a suggestion of the best practicable set of figures; beginning December 1st next: 3 years at 4¾ per cent., 5 years at 4½ per cent., 5 years at 4¼ per cent. and 20 at 4 per cent.

One has an uncomfortable feeling that the Treasury may miss good opportunities in hopes of a moment when it can bring off something that gives a larger immediate relief. Perhaps also it may forget that the City cannot well afford to allow any great conversion proposal to fail. It is bound to make a success of any scheme which does not insult the City's sense of fair play, and which displays a reasonable faith in the future.

This summer may not provide so good an opportunity as last autumn, but it ought to be good enough to be worth taking.—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons. R. D. DENMAN.

DISARMAMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There are only nine months in which to awaken public opinion to the importance of the Disarmament Conference in February. Yet it is not too much to say that the success of the Conference depends to a very large extent upon public opinion in this country during these months. Since disarmament is not a party question, there are many people who tend to regard it in the lazy platitudinous way on which they regard heaven, and this may prove as fatal to the success of the Conference as active opposition.

But there is one source of driving power which, if rightly canalised, would make success assured. That is organised Christianity. If in the next months even one-third of the churches and chapels in this country would organise meetings, or even campaigns of several months' duration, to educate the public on this question, it would change the course of history. I should like to urge all who are followers of the Prince of Peace to consider solemnly their responsibility in the matter, and to take some action.

May I add that we, at the Guildhouse, are having such a campaign. It is to be inaugurated by a public meeting on Friday evening, April 24th, at which Lord Cecil, and Mr. Wickham Steed are to speak, and I to preside.—Yours, etc.,

A. MAUDE ROYDEN.

The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1.

PRISON FOR THE POOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Sir,—Your article entitled "Prison for the Poor," calls for a great deal of comment.

After a preamble containing two salient inaccuracies, which, as they are not strictly relevant to the issue, I must, in consideration of space, pass over, your contributor states, quite correctly, that the Debtors Act, 1869, is described in its title as an Act for the abolition of imprisonment for debt and for the punishment of fraudulent debtors. He proceeds to ask how it comes about that 3,484 debtors were committed to prison for debt in 1929, in the teeth, apparently, of the express intention of Parliament. If the imprisonment was in fact in the teeth of the express intention of Parliament we must presume that the debtors were not fraudulent. Can your contributor substantiate his argument with any example of a debtor having been sent to prison although guilty of no form of dishonesty?

Your contributor dislikes the sixth exception to the Act, which excepts a person making default in payment of a debt under an Order or Judgment. He suggests that the legislators were misled or confused by the protection provided by restrictions to the jurisdiction which in his opinion is no protection at all. These restrictions to the jurisdiction require the Judgment Creditor to prove to the satisfaction of the Judge that the debtor against whom the Committal Order was sought has, or had, the means of paying and has, or had refused, or neglected to pay. Can your contributor quote any case in which this provision has not been properly complied with, and where a debtor has been sent to prison without there being any proof against him that he had means to pay?

Your contributor complains that the word "dishonestly" or "fraudulently" or "wilfully" does not appear in the operative words of the section, notwithstanding that the word "fraudulently" appears in the title to the statute. Does he seriously suggest that a debtor who has means with which to pay his debts, and refuses to pay is not in fact guilty of dishonesty?

It is difficult to appreciate your contributor's complaint that the Judicature Act, 1873, enabled debts to be assigned. If a man owes £5 to A, should he have any objection in discharging his liability to A by paying the £5 to B? The fact that debts are sometimes assigned to persons with more time and ability to collect them does not appear to create any injustice so long as the debts are properly owing.

In my experience one of the most difficult things to effect is the execution of a Committal Order. Evidence has to be filed as to the debtor's mode of life, assets, salary and dependants. Only where a creditor can prove that the debtor is in receipt of something more than is necessary to maintain himself and his family will an order for payment be made. Even so the orders for payment are often extremely small, so that it may take a number of years to discharge a debt. It must be borne in mind that this order for payment is not a Committal Order, and that the payments may be decreased or even suspended altogether on application by the debtor, if he shows that his means have also decreased. If the instalments are not paid and no application is made on behalf of the debtor, then the creditor may apply to the Court for a Committal Order. Anyone who has had any experience in these matters knows that often many applications have to be made before a judge will grant a Committal Order, and that even after the order is granted the judge usually directs that it shall lie in the office and not be executed so long as the stipulated instalments are paid regularly. The debtor is given every possible chance to discharge his liability in accordance with his means.

It must be borne in mind that the Judgment Summons and Committal Order constitute the only means that a creditor has of recovering his debt from a debtor who has no assets, but who is in receipt of a substantial salary. Can your contributor offer any reason why a man who owes his tradespeople money and is in receipt of a steady salary of £4 or £5 a week should not be made to pay 5s. or 10s. a week in discharge of a debt in respect of which he has received full benefit and value?—Yours, etc.,

5 Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1. S. MAGNUS WECHSLER.

HANGING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Calvert attacks Miss Durham's logic. What of his own? In his last paragraph he argues that, as certain sections of the press are guilty of "unhealthy sensationalism" in connection with hangings, capital punishment, "its primary cause," should be abolished. One might as well say that the "primary cause" is murder, which ought therefore to be abolished.

Mr. Calvert recently stated plainly that a considerable section of the press opposed the abolition, for no other reason than that the circulation of their publications might suffer. He may

be right, but I suggest that it is bad logic—if there is such a thing—to argue that the mental dishonesty of a small section of one's opponents strengthens one's own proposition.—Yours, etc.,

HANG 'EM.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Calvert's letter in which he states "no one who knows the facts can maintain that death is *in every case* instantaneous." I am only concerned with the medical verdict given on such occasions at the present time, and not with the report of the Select Committee of 1888.

Your correspondent would appear to suggest that the verdict is not always in accordance with the facts.

Surely if that were the case it would open the question as to whether medical opinion is in a position to pronounce death as instantaneous from whatever cause?

In regard to "newspaper censorship—to which there are grave objections"—I would refer Mr. Calvert to the comparatively recent legislation concerning the press and divorce proceedings—to which I fail to see there can be any "grave objections."—Yours, etc.,

82 Elm Park Gardens, S.W. 10. HENRY CLEEVE.
April 14th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Many lawyers are grateful to you and Mr. Nevinson for his noble article on the above subject.

Those of us lawyers who, at the last election, voted for the Labour Party in the hope of an improvement upon Lord Brentford's regime in the respect of capital punishment, now know that we have nothing to hope for and nothing to fear from Mr. Clynes. In our opinion, the most shocking blot on the present Administration is, that although pledged over and over again, when in Opposition, to the abolition of capital punishment, yet that Administration, when in office, steadfastly declines to carry out the recommendation of Mr. Clynes's own Commission, though this could, of course, be done by a mere resolution of the Commons (*vide* paragraphs 462 and 463, and the final concluding recommendations of the Report of the Commission).

If there be a more cynical case of downright political hypocrisy, we should like to be informed of it.—Yours, etc.,

5 Gray's Inn Square, W. J. WENHAM.
London, W.C. 1.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry that Miss Thompson thinks that I gave a false impression of her book, *The First Gentleman*, in my review of it in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of March 28th. I cannot find any place in my review where I pointed out that Miss Thompson's material was borrowed and implied that I was the first person to notice it. Everyone who writes history or biography either borrows their material from some source or invents it, and I particularly exonerated Miss Thompson from invention. My criticism was not of her borrowing but of the way in which she used what she borrowed.

The sentence which Miss Thompson finds "of course, childish" criticism was not intended as criticism at all; it is merely statement of fact. Mr. Ward does at one point in her book lean forward confidentially at a dinner party and recite an entry made by Lord Glenbervie in his journal some months later. As I tried to make clear in the passage in my review which follows that quoted by Miss Thompson in her letter, my point was that the diary style of one person cannot be transformed into the conversational style of another merely by inverted commas. It is not impossible that words used by Mr. Ward at a dinner party in March should be written down by Lord Glenbervie in October, but it is unlikely that Lord Glenbervie would remember Mr. Ward's conversation verbatim after such a lapse of time, or, if he did remember it so precisely, that he would not attribute it to Mr. Ward.

On Miss Thompson's third and final ground of complaint I owe her an apology, but she must admit that her running titles are misleading. The date given on pp. 162 and 163 in the running title is 1807. I cannot find the dates at the head of the chapter to which she refers in her letter. As there is no record in Lord Glenbervie's journal under the year 1807 of the visit of the King to Caroline described on pp. 162 and 163, and as I had not read the passage in Lord Glenbervie's journal for 1810 on which Miss Thompson based her story, I assumed that she was referring to another similar incident which occurred in 1801, when the King did come and go quietly.

As to scorpions, they may or may not enjoy using their tails, but there are many occasions on which reviewers have no pleasure in using their pens. Reviewers are on the whole normal people, and the normal person does not go out of his way to make enemies and acquire a reputation for venom. When circumstances over which a reviewer has little or no control bring him a book which he cannot honestly do anything except "crab," his position is very much less enviable than the outraged author imagines.—Yours, etc.,

Battersea, S.W. 11. LYN LL. IRVINE.

"COMPOSERS AND CRITICS"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With your permission I should value a chance, later on, of expressing some quite unbellicose, but I think unfamiliar, views on the subject treated by Mr. Turner in your issue of April 18th, "Composers and Critics."

Meanwhile, may I remark that the excerpts he quotes from letters received by me after "The Prison" were selected by Miss Holtby merely as showing that various people of various calibres took the work from a different angle to that of the *English* critics; agreed, in fact, with the only two audiences who up to now have heard it. And not one of these correspondents but expressed a wish to "hear it again as soon as possible"! Misguided people, no doubt, but there it is!

Thinking Mr. Turner may perhaps care to study *real official criticism*, I am venturing to send him an article (*Time and Tide*, March 6th), in which a puzzled Scotsman summarises Scottish reviews (which I shall have great pleasure in hunting up and sending to Mr. Turner when I get home). These notices are extremely analytical, but more warmly, unreservedly and intelligently appreciative than any I have been honoured with since the days when Messrs. Fuller, Maitland and Barrett were on the London press.

In a word: one of my contentions is that nowadays English critics are subconsciously under the dominion of prejudice, whereas, judging by three consecutive years of experience, this is not so in Scotland.—Yours, etc. ETHEL SMYTH.

ENGLISH POETS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am extremely obliged to Richard Sunne for advising me to devote more time to conversation. If only this evidence convinced me, I could be idler than ever and even more of a chatterbox. But what is the evidence? I open a paper with the words: "No two poets are more truly English than Samuel Johnson and William Wordsworth." Now this is one of those nine-tenths truths with which one daily attempts to galvanise a lethargic pupil into talk. It has the required effect on Richard Sunne. He contradicts me. He throws out the names of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Crabbe, Hardy, Gray. I retort that Shakespeare is an exception to every rule, and that we must be fair to the Germans; that the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* is the most English of poems, but that the author of the *Book of the Duchess* and the *Complaint unto Pity* is not the most English of poets; that his morality, like Shakespeare's, is based on sympathies not on antipathies. Is this English: that Hardy is a profound pessimist? Is this English: that Gray is too neurotic; that Crabbe is too local for my purpose? And what about Crabbe's opium poems; has Richard Sunne read them? And thus a discussion begins, or sometimes a discovery made.

But the truth is that conversation differs in every circle and in every generation. It may mean argument, contradiction, conflict at Cambridge; and a delightful monologue on the English weather by the hearthstone of Richard Sunne.

What complex is it which makes all journalists patronise the solitary academic? The daily press attack and sling their mud, the weeklies give a superior smile. Between a paper on a point of literary technique and a causerie on the wetness of Easter Monday, a gulf is fixed. They are as different as Troilus and Diomed. Richard Sunne, like Diomed, can

> heel the high lavolt
> And play at subtle games and sweeten talk

Troilus replies

> While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
> In truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

For every thousand readers of Richard Sunne's weekly causerie, the author of *English Poets and the Abstract Word* hardly hopes for one. But surely a paper like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION ought to be sufficiently interested in the secrets of poetical technique to overlook the dreariness of the style. Is it not somewhat unscrupulous to eke out a chatty "middle" on the English weather by quoting one single irrelevant sentence for the sake of picking a quarrel and padding a paragraph?—Yours, etc.,

King's College, Cambridge. GEORGE RYLANDS.
April 15th.

THE TARIFF ISSUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May a mere business man rush in among these professors, if only to quote another economist? Dr. Benjamin Anderson, of the Chase National Bank of New York (whose wisdom was publicly known in the crisis of October, 1929), addressed on March 21st, 1931, the Foreign Policy Association at Philadelphia, Pa. His address began:

> We are in the midst of a severe business depression which is world-wide. The most serious obstacle in the way of early recovery is the state of our foreign trade. The most serious obstacle in the way of the revival of our foreign trade is our high protective tariffs.

His address ended:

> We can hold the imports down, if we will, by maintaining our tariff policy, but we can do it only at the price of prolonging the depression. . . . Is it not time for us to forget politics and consider this tariff question as a business matter?

How not?—Yours, etc., DOMINICK SPRING-RICE.
Brooks's, St. James' Street, S.W. 1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Almost all the pea-shooters of the "serious students of affairs" and "poor business men" who have shot at Mr. Keynes in your columns appear to have missed the following sentence in his article of March 7th:

> An international cure is essential; and I can see the best hope of remedying the international slump in the leadership of Great Britain.

Now, I am sorry to spoil the tone of a high-minded business conversation, but I have to make the heretical confession that a decrease of a million in British unemployment at the expense of, say, German employment does not appear to me any particular advance. The stimulation of our industry solely at the expense of the "furriner" may please Mr. Churchill and the Stock Exchange, but does not please me. What would we say to Manchester if she suggested curing some of her unemployment troubles by taking over some of the steel industry?

To do Mr. Keynes justice, he is not so parochially-minded as most of his critics. He admits that British economic revival is impossible without a world revival, but he feels that until we have grabbed some of the existing trade for ourselves the world will not begin to stir! How do we stimulate trade by re-shuffling it?—Yours, etc.,

Stockton-on-Tees. J. R. P.

Owing to pressure of space we are obliged to omit all but a small selection from the very large correspondence we continue to receive on the Tariff Issue. Ed. N. S. & N.

Miscellany

THE DECLINE IN FRENCH NOVEL-READING

AMONG the vivid colour-notes of my young memories is the canary yellow cover of a French novel upon a drawing-room table. It was a common sight, for in those days—such is the impression on my memory—normal people of average cultivation had the habit of reading French novels. They read them, certainly, more for entertainment's sake than out of intellectual curiosity, as may be judged from some of the names that I remember on those covers—Maupassant, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Gyp, and Willy—and it may surprise the latest brazen generation of to-day when I tell them that a lady might becomingly simper on being twitted with reading "naughty" French novels. I remember a lively Irish widow who liked reading French novels in the train, but did not wish her neighbours in the carriage to draw erroneous conclusions regarding her moral character from the colour or title of her literature; so she adopted the ingenious device of enclosing her book in a brown paper wrapper on which, in bold black lettering, was inscribed "Treatise on Brain Development." So equipped, she could sit opposite a parson and figure as a Gorgon while enjoying something like *Claudine* or *La Famille Cardinal*.

There has been a remarkable change since those days, which extended to not so very long ago. I seldom see French novels upon a drawing-room table now, and few people discuss them even in avowedly intellectual circles. There are plenty of reasons for the change, partly on our side, partly on that of the French novel. Our needs have changed, and so have its qualities. No longer now, at all events, do ordinary readers look to French novels for a spice of entertainment which English writers could not, or might not, provide. I do not refer only to the *roman folichon*, though that was a staple article of import and not without its uses: Dekobra, Kessel and others carry on the old tradition in a rather alembicated, modern way, but who in England reads them? I refer more generally to what, in those days, was a monopoly of the French novelist, an uncompromising but elegant or witty dealing with the comedies and tragedies of sexual life, to be found in writers so widely various in other respects as Anatole France, for instance, and Paul Bourget. To-day, of course, Gilbert's gibe about the "not too French French bean" has no point at all. English literature, like any bathing beach, now permits the shedding of all coverings of reticence, wise or unwise, except for such minimum as an awkwardly-acting law enjoins. This has had the undoubtedly salutary result of banishing the sly snigger and the itch for "naughtiness," but also the less salutary consequence of diminishing English contact with a literature incomparable in its kind. It is even rather comic to reflect that, whereas Paris used to send blush-raising frivolities to England, England now sends to be printed and published in Paris anything but frivolous works in which British authors insist on calling spades and other articles quite vociferously by names that are not commonly mentioned in general conversation. Voyagers returning from Paris are not now tempted into hasty buying of fictional equivalents of Palais Royal farces at the bookstall of the Gare du Nord, but rather to smuggle an expensive copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *The Well of Loneliness* into the very country a fragment of whose mind gave them honest but mistaken birth.

The translation of new French novels into English, one may gladly admit, is more quickly and far better done than it used to be. Not to mention Scott-Moncrieff's magnificent translation of Proust, the recent translations of novels by Julien Green (*Léviathan*), J.-R. Bloch (*Nuit Kurde*), Maurois (*Climats*), and H. Daniel-Rops (*L'Ame Obscure*) are instances of very creditable enterprise on the part of British publishers. Nevertheless, the translation and publication in English of a foreign book can never depend wholly upon its intrinsic merit or its importance in its country of origin; commercial considerations must intervene or, in other words, the probable demand of the English-speaking public. This public, at the moment, seems happy to be swamped in translations of heavily coloured and interminable German fiction. Moreover, the removal of temptation, if temptation was necessary, to read French imaginative literature in the original is a misfortune for the average person. Comparatively small as may have been the value of a typical story by Gyp or Willy, a definite contact with the French mind was established by a reader who got through it in French, and a closer contact, I maintain, than

results from reading *The Cookshop of the Reine Pédauque* or *Swann's Way* in English. Indeed, it seems unfortunately true that there was a quicker communication between English and French minds before the *entente cordiale*, when Fashoda was still a bitter memory, than there is to-day, not long after Frenchman and Briton have fought shoulder to shoulder on the soil of France. And it is on our side that the contact, never very certain or profound, has been more particularly cut off. For, although Frenchmen as a whole probably like and understand us no better than before, there is a current of French thought now strongly drawn towards English objects. Not only does the work of Legouis, Cazamian, Maurois, Morand and Ramon Fernandez, and the interest taken in Dickens and Meredith, bear witness to French interest in our literature, but the Frenchman of to-day, driven more and more to look and voyage outwards into the larger world wherein the space-time distances grow daily smaller, is less and less able to avoid or ignore men and institutions of Anglo-Saxon origin; while, in his anxiety to maintain the French political and intellectual hegemony of Europe, the politically-minded Frenchman makes no secret of his fear lest England should slip the cable of her European connections and sail for wider, more cousinly seas. On our side, the only need of contact with France is upon the intellectual plane—the plane of understanding and hard thought, of uncompromising grappling with the problems of the mind—the plane on which we are weakest, since we seldom keep thought pure of sentiment or understanding innocent of desire. In many respects—some think in too many—the French mind is paramount in Europe. No doubt it is a good thing that, where literature is concerned, London is not swayed, as are Rome, Berlin and Madrid, by French opinion. Yet independence should not be based on ignorance. We read too little French to-day.

"Unfortunately French novels are no longer amusing"—I seem to hear this objection in the voice of one who first put Dumas into my hands, encouraged me to tackle Balzac, eagerly read every novel by Anatole France as it appeared, but fainted after the first volume of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and cannot stomach André Gide at all. It is not an entirely true statement, or at least there are individual exceptions to it, but fundamentally it is just, and it is probably the strongest reason for the decline of French novel-reading in this country. The gloomy year just past was the centenary of that year in which the sun of French romanticism made high morning. In 1830 Balzac produced *La Peau de Chagrin* and Victor Hugo was meditating *Notre Dame de Paris*. Since then almost all of what the ordinary reader calls the French novel has occurred, and there is no keen follower of French fiction who has not compassed in his reading the outstanding landmarks of this amazingly rich century. It can be roughly divided into critical epochs. First, Balzac, Hugo and George Sand, with Gautier, Gérard de Nerval and Alphonse Karr in attendance, and with Stendhal outside the picture waiting for modernity to recognise his greatness; then Dumas the Elder and the later George Sand of the country romances, attended by Merrimée, About and the Feuillet of *Le Journal d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*; then the great day of Flaubert and the Goncourts, when romanticism, naturalism and *l'art pour l'art*, like three ideal tributaries, combined their waters in a broad and widening stream, the day of *Salammbo*, *Madame Bovary*, *Germinie Lacerteux*, *Les Frères Zemganno*, the Rougon-Macquart series of Zola, and the by no means negligible Villiers de L'Isle Adam and Barbey d'Aurevilly—a day into the close of which, as though in a prolonged sunset, Daudet, Maupassant and Huysmans seem to fit. At this point, about the eighteen-nineties, the past seems to end and the present to begin, not so much on account of Pierre Loti as on that of Anatole France, whose *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* was published in 1881. The early work of Bourget and Barrès was not far behind, and it is not always realised that André Gide was an adolescent writer in 1891. In the first epoch of this present, which extends till the war, the change occurred that turned the French novel into a battle-ground, a substitute for the pamphlet, a pathological or neurological notebook or an ethical treatise. The change can be seen easily in the long series of Anatole France's works, for though he was by predilection an ironist and preserved his detached wit till the end, how wide is difference between the rich absurdity of the *Rôtisserie* and the very marked annoyance shown in *L'Ile des Pingouins*. Something had happened to the true France and to Anatole her son. Not only, as René Lalou points out in his *Histoire de la Littérature Française Contemporaine*, had the works of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky become available in translation, not only were moral and social problems pushing aside the preoccupations of æstheticists and symbolists alike, but "la conscience française a été violemment ébranlée dans les dernières années du XIX^e^ siècle, et cette crise a retenti dans notre histoire littéraire." The Dreyfus case, that disastrous catalyst of French oppositions, all but dulled Anatole France and turned his wit acid. The detachment, especially the religious detachment, that preserved him then has damned him in the eyes of a younger generation who would put Barrès' *Les Déracinés*, Bourget's *Le Disciple* and *L'Etape* above the *Histoire Contemporaine*. Well, Anatole France had his day and, if the irreverent Brousson be right, he was a sad old cynic; but, apart from him and from the artificial Pierre Louys' and Claude Farrère's pictures of exotic morals, what a welter had French fiction become by 1914! Counter-revolutionism and nationalism face their opposites—Barrès, Bourget and Maurras against Romain Rolland and Jules Romains: religious faith raises the standard against pantheism and scepticism, a dynamic philosophy winds the horns against idealism — Claudel versus Maeterlinck, Bergson versus Bradley, the clash of their lances echoes in the novel.

The French novelists betrayed a surer instinct than we. While Joseph Conrad was in his heyday, and Mr. Hugh Walpole gaining his first plaudits with *The Duchess of Wrexe* and *Fortitude*, when everybody but the most fastidious—and they were few—were enjoying Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival* and *Sinister Street*, while worshippers were subscribing for a portrait of Henry James, Mr. Wells was much concerned about passionate friends, and nobody but Mr. Maxse and Lord Roberts insisted that a cataclysm was upon us, the French writers felt in their bones the approach of trouble, and being French, wished to meet rather than to mitigate it. The war broke out, and with it the war novel, in which France, the pioneer, has long since dropped behind. Yet Duhamel and Barbusse left their mark upon the French novel. They nipped the growth of any illusions. Therefore, when the war ended and to all its unsolved problems were added the problems, still unsolved, of peace, a crop of new novelists arose to discuss them or to bear witness to the depression that discussion of them engenders. Admirable writers many of them are; but to read them, whether they be called Gide, or Giraudoux, or Mauriac, or Radiguet, or Julien Green, or Suzanne Lenormand, or Emanuel Bove, is not a light-hearted occupation. Not that we in England are light-hearted, or that our novels are informed with elegance and ease; for wit, the world over, is breathing heavily and irony rattles in the throat. But the result is that, although novels in French still cross the Channel, the French novel does not. It resembles far too closely my Irish widow's title.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

SUMMER-TIME

A SUDDEN gust of March
Twitches white aprons, forces raucous laughter
From the comfortable bosoms of bedmakers
Below the classic pediment of Gibbs;
Swans on the river turn and breast the ripple,
The provost clutches at his black silk gown;
And in the blue
Above the bleached stone and the pinnacles
(Expensive but not vain) of our Royal Saint,
Swell the voluptuous bosoms of the clouds.

GEORGE RYLANDS.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mr. John Gielgud's Lear

CRITICS, on the whole, have been less than fair to Mr. Gielgud. To judge an actor, as some of them did, by the standard that the part he is acting is unactable, seems to me absurd. Their other objection was to Mr. Gielgud's youth, which they said became more obvious as Lear became more frenzied. Now, there is something in this objection, though not, I think, very much. As the play advances the actor taking the part of Lear has to rely more and more on his *voice*, and if he is a young actor naturally to some extent it will show. There was nothing incongruous about Mr. Gielgud's voice; he shouted into the storm with all his powers, and yet he was still Lear. The terrific rhetoric of those scenes needs to be taken at full tilt, and for a young actor to scream like a goose in an attempt to sound like an old one would be ludicrous. Shakespeare's words, in any case, do not warrant it. Unlike Hamlet, Lear is a part to which the actor must bring instinctively all he possesses; one can evolve a contemplative Hamlet, a romantic Hamlet even, but this is impossible with Lear. I thought that Mr. Gielgud gave a fine and moving performance which, in the early scenes, was sensitive and personal and afterwards had real power. His Lear in a sense was frail, but he had conceived the whole part finely in this way. The conversations between Lear and the Fool (Mr. Leslie French) were perfectly done; the last scene with Goneril and Regan before Lear goes mad really portrayed the final abject moments of his love for them and his pathetic clinging-on to his retinue. As a whole, the performance was good so long as Lear and Kent (Mr. Ralph Richardson) were on the stage. Mr. Richardson speaks blank verse excellently, and is a first-class Shakespearian actor who never acts so that one notices it. Edgar (Mr. Eric Portman) was effective, though he seemed at times to find it difficult to reconcile his various parts. The rest of the cast were more uncertain and wooden than is usual in productions at the Old Vic. Gloucester stumbling over the downs with his eyes out was a grave solicitor who had lost his way, and he spoilt at least one scene. But by means of straightforward acting and production the play went very well.

"The Church Mouse"

A desperately efficient but dowdy secretary falls in love with her employer. He fails to fall in love with her until he sees her in an evening gown, when he proposes marriage. And what, as Mr. Coward's Bright Young People were singing recently, could be duller than that? Yet that, with a mild complication—if such an adjective to describe Miss Sunday Wilshin's exquisite bandbox vampire may be forgiven—is the matter of *The Church Mouse*, now being presented at the Playhouse; and why anybody bothered to go all the way to Austria for it and allow Mr. Benn Levy to use up valuable playwriting time in translating it must remain a secret. Have we in England no willing suppliers of wish-fulfilment material for the half-baked? Will no one agitate for a heavy tariff on tripe, to protect our own hacks? For, be it roundly stated, Sir Gerald du Maurier himself, with all his mock austerity, can do nothing with this play. Useless for him to flicker that incisive eyebrow, and snap out his staccato decisions into two telephones at once; the great banker's time is all too obviously at the mercy of his authors, with a mass of sentimental characterisation to unload before curtain-fall. Susie Sachs, the incredible-efficient, has alternately to display an ignorance of the world which would be alarming in a child of six and a comprehensive resource which would cause most employers to dismiss her in sheer terror. Miss Leonora Bonda, a newcomer to London, works very hard and with some success as the pathetic drudge, but the transformation to the third-act butterfly was too much for her, and no wonder.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :

Friday, April 24th—
Viscount Cecil on "The World and Disarmament," Mr. Wickham Steed on "Great Britain and Disarmament," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 7.

Saturday, April 25th—
Thibaud, Queen's Hall, 3.
Madame Adila Fachiri and Miss Jelly D'Aranyi, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Association Football Cup Final, Wembley.
Annual Conference on Social Work : Professor Carr-Saunders on "Changes in Social Outlook," Bedford College, 4.30.

Sunday, April 26th—
Camargo Society, Cambridge Theatre.
C. E. M. Joad on "Some Reflections on Psychical Research," Conway Hall, 11.
Annual Conference on Social Work : Dr. Cyril Burt on "The Difficult Child," Bedford College, 4.30.
Mr. G. F. Hitchcock on "The Changing Attitude of the Social Worker to Business; with Special Relation to the Employment Problem," Bedford College, 8.

Monday, April 27th—
"Der Rosenkavalier," Covent Garden, 7.45.
"Bush Fires," by Harry Tighe, Fortune Theatre.

Tuesday, April 28th—
"Tristan und Isolde," Covent Garden, 7.
Sir John Marriott on "The English in India," University of London, South Kensington, 5.30.
Flower Show, Rhododendrons, Horticultural Hall.

Wednesday, April 29th—
"Das Rheingold," Covent Garden, 8.30.
Racing—Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 8.
Admiral Sir Richard Webb on "The Navy's Responsibilities," University College, 5.30.

Thursday, April 30th—
"Die Walküre," Covent Garden, 5.45.

Friday, May 1st—
"Der Rosenkavalier," Covent Garden, 7.45.
"London Wall," by John Van Druten, Duke of York's Theatre.
Shakespeare Dramatic Festival, Stratford-on-Avon.
Racing—One Thousand Guineas, Newmarket.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the best English critics of the last century—Matthew Arnold—wrote one of his best books on the translation of Homer; and he left the problem pretty much where he found it. We all agree, I suppose, that no version of Homer into English, from Chapman and Hobbes to Samuel Butler and Mackail, is satisfactory; and few will argue with Mr. Arnold that the best metre for a translation of Homer is English hexameter, although Dr. Bridges' experiments with this form showed it to be susceptible of beautiful effects. Matthew Arnold did, however, sufficiently note the chief troubles confronting a translator of Homer. Homer combines, in a wonderful degree, simplicity, dignity, grandeur and speed. He has, in these things, few rivals in any literature; and it is especially true of English poetry that when it achieves its most sublime efforts it loses in rapidity. The only exceptions that occur to me are poems—some of Donne's, for instance, and some of Francis Thompson's—in which there are both splendour and speed, but no great degree of simplicity. Apart from those poets who go quickly and yet with majesty because they are heavily accoutred, there is only Shakespeare who can be mentioned with Homer as at once simple, splendid and rapid: the more magnificent Milton becomes, the slower and more ceremonial is his pace. It is, in a way, a commonplace to say that we lack a worthy version of Homer because no poet of sufficient eminence has ever dreamt of subjecting himself to a task so laborious. Poets, as well as scholars and teachers, have attempted it, and no doubt will continue to attempt it, but none has even begun to convince his readers that, were he not translating Homer, he would naturally be attacking an original work of similar size and importance. So we must be content with the translations we have; and of these the best are Chapman's and Pope's.

* * *

Pope's Homer's "Iliad" has been published, with the accompanying Greek text, in a handsome volume by the Nonesuch Press (£4 4s.). By the exercise of an ingenuity that fills me with respectful terror Mr. Meynell has contrived to keep the text and translation in very close contact. One of his means is the simple—once it has been thought of!—device of varying the number of Greek lines to the page: sometimes there are thirty-eight, sometimes only thirty-three. The book, bound properly in whole morocco, is one of the cheapest that has come from this house, and one of the most convenient. Another maker of fine books has begun—two volumes are issued—a complete reprint of Chapman's Homer in five volumes (Shakespeare Head Press, £15 15s. the set). Each of these editions has decorations. Mr. Koch has done pleasant little drawings for the head of each book of the "Iliad"; while the edition of Chapman is accompanied by fifty full-page wood-engravings by that brilliant artist Mr. John Farleigh. These are of great imaginative poignancy, especially those in which the artist introduces the Olympians fighting for and against the men of Troy and of Hellas.

Even those whose Greek is more a matter of regret than of present pleasure, will remember the opening of the "Iliad"; and I know no passage which, in translation, so well illustrates the difference between Chapman and Pope, and, to my mind, the great superiority of Chapman.

> Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddesse, that imposd
> Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls losd
> From breasts heroique: sent them farre to that invisible cave
> That no light comforts, and their lims to dogs and vultures gave.
> To all which Jove's will gave effect: from whom first strife begunne
> Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike sonne.

So Chapman. Then Pope:

> The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
> Of all the Grecian woes, O goddess sing!
> That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
> The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
> Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore
> Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.
> Since great Achilles and Atrides strove
> Such was the sov'reign doom and such the will of Jove.

One phrase of Chapman's is alone sufficient to give him the supremacy in this passage—"infinite sorrows." He and Pope both add to their original; but Chapman's "invisible cave that no light comforts" is an addition that is interpretative of the Greek, which Pope's "unbury'd on the naked shore," "devouring," and "hungry" are merely ornamental. I have never read through either Chapman's or Pope's version, and I never expect to. When my Greek fails I prefer a prose crib to help me out, and I still cling to those versions in which Andrew Lang collaborated. Samuel Butler may be amusing to read, but he bears no more resemblance to Homer than does Defoe's Moll Flanders.

* * *

There, indeed, is the crux of the business of Homeric translation. It is conceivable that Homer could be rendered into equivalent English when the Greek is noble and highly poetic; but it is when Homer is plain he is untranslatable. It is, of course, possible that we are deceived by our remoteness from his day, by our ignorance of what may or may not have seemed flat to his audience; that is unimportant. What matters is that such a line as Homer's

τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ

has not to us a suggestion of bathos such as is roused by Tennyson's

> She died of a fever caught when a nurse in a hospital ward.

The poets who, in narrative verse, succeed in escaping too corduroy'd a plainness are those who are content to forgo dignity for speed. I suppose our most successful narrative poets, after Chaucer, are Crabbe, Scott, Byron and the present Poet Laureate; and none of them hesitates when it comes to a choice between poetic dignity and narrative effectiveness. Mr. Lucas, in an admirable essay on Crabbe in the February *Life and Letters*, suggests that some of Crabbe's more spectacular exhibitions of bathos are not unintentional, but have a very comic quality of their own. I have sometimes thought the same may be said of some poems of Mr. Masefield. Scott trusts to his excessive rapidity to carry him over the stodgy parts of his story; and Byron takes recourse in rhetoric, satire, farce or indignant irony. It seems to me a lamentable fact that no English poet since Chaucer can trust himself to be at once a story-teller and poetic; self-consciousness has overcome the poets and narrative verse is eked out by the devices I have indicated; or, far worse, by great tracts of ethical exhibition, as in Tennyson and Clough. We must admit, as we look at Chapman with his conceits, or at Pope with tripping way so unlike the long, swift stride of Homer, that there is but little chance now of getting a really good version of the great Greek. We are too far from the beginning of the world, when all speech was poetic, and no speech was soiled by sophistication or any unworthy use; we live at a time when poets are busy in "rescuing" certain subjects and certain words for poetic use, pitifully unaware that if you are conscious of their need to be rescued it is useless for you to attempt it. That must be left to others who could bring "automobile" or "airplane" into a poem as simply as they could bring in moon, or dawn, or the midnight.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Men Dislike Women. By MICHAEL ARLEN. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Ambrose Holt and Family. By SUSAN GLASPELL. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Delicate Situation. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Late of London Wall. By B. NORMAN. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Line. By L. A. PAVEY. Davies. 7s. 6d.

Ice in Egypt. By A. M. MACCRINDLE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Market Town. By E. LIMEBEER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Francis. By DAPHNE LAMBART. Blackwood. 5s.

Those pages of moralising and comment on public affairs which will sometimes burst into a story and show its author to be a keen critic of his time, usually prove also that he would rather be skipped by his frivolous reader than fail to express the truth that is in him. If, however, an author can rank himself thus with the intellectuals, and generalise and declaim, and yet not lose his frivolous readers, no doubt he entirely deserves to enjoy the best of both worlds. Mr. Arlen has certainly the air of an intellectual whose ideas the novel form must be stretched to hold; but as his ideas are such as pander only to the idlest and easiest interest, he still has his reader booked for every line. He is a serious man who certainly deserves to be taken seriously, about the lipstick side of life. On a basis of kisses and looks and luxury he does not mind how profound he may be; nor, on a basis of immorality, how moral. He implies great qualities for his characters; there is in fact quite a general atmosphere among them of dying for purity, but only after the glamour of impure adventure has been spread thickly over them.

In his new American story (which you will read, idle and amused, at a sitting) there are, chiefly, two men and two women. That their fortunes, their dancing, their cars and their looks are superb goes for granted. In this respect much more than the decencies of life are observed. The two women love the same one of the men, a reformed graft-millionaire with a leathery, angular face of fatal attraction to women. The woman he does not love is loved by the other man. The woman loved by the ex-grafter is an ex-light-of-love, but both guard their guilty secrets jealously from their idealisation of each other—until the woman's frailty is given away by her rival. The disclosure brings about a fatal issue for her lover, a tragedy of which the terms are left as vague as perhaps they need to be when the highest idealism is made to inhabit the shadiest characters. But in the process of all this, New York has been amusingly bantered, with the aid of a miraculous mastery of the American tongue. Mr. Arlen has also evolved a very pretty knack of dialogue, perfectly brief and pointed.

In *Ambrose Holt and Family* there is, first, Jim Atwood, an excellent unequivocal character, applying worldly standards with religious fervour to the problems of life. Then there is his daughter, Blossom, the wife of this marital story, also Lincoln, her husband. These two are at loggerheads because Lincoln, a business man but also a poet, treats Blossom as a mere flowery ornament for whom such a thing as poetry does not exist.

Lincoln also has a father, Ambrose Holt, who had deserted his wife and child in Lincoln's infancy, and who in the course of the story returns to the town, ill and in a kind of self-imposed vagrancy which is natural to his philosophy of life. In their contrasted reaction to his presence, the young husband and wife become at last violently opposed. Lincoln spurns and denounces his father for the past desertion; Blossom finds him admirable and enlightened, and the one person who takes her as seriously as she desires. After a long breach, an understanding is finally reached, it is hinted, between husband and wife upon the death of the errant philosopher, after he has written out for Blossom his final apologia.

> Drank a good deal at one time, to see where that got you, also because I like whiskey; had girls occasionally, but not as much as you might think; lived for two years with an Indian woman, and your husband, my dear, has a half-brother down there who is half Indian. . . . Taught school for awhile, and liked that really better than anything I ever did. But was soon fired for not sticking to the books . . . . Oh, yes, ran a saloon for awhile, got bored with it, people are such fakes when they are drunk. Once I preached. Talked about God. God was everywhere, I said, but we are too stupid to find Him. They were rather sullen, but one woman liked it. She asked—How could she find God? But she asked it so fervently I was afraid she couldn't, so I said I hadn't any idea, and then she was very angry. I liked the sunrise, and the evening, and the nights on the prairie. I like a trail over the mountains. I like a horse, and a dog. Now I'm going, and I won't take with me a horse, or a dog. But maybe there is a trail . . . etc.

Miss Glaspell has not delved as deep as she might into the subtleties and surprises of her situation, and has not avoided a somewhat incredible relation between the husband and wife. (Not being a stupid man, could Lincoln's ignorance of his wife's character, like Mrs. Bennet's famous ignorance of her husband's, never have lost its freshness?) And her philosopher-vagrant has a disappointing sound of conventional philosophical-vagrancy considering the great impression his words make on the mind and life of Blossom. This rare excursion of Miss Glaspell's into the conventional has not robbed her story of charm and feeling, but the conviction with which she is generally read is not as strong as usual.

Miss Royde-Smith's last-century novel, with its delicate convincing air of the crinolines and Christmasses of long ago, wanders with period-leisureliness from the Castle to the Abbey, and from the Chantry-house to the Rectory of a small Dorset town. The opening chapter, where the widowed Colonel Sir Marcus Seymour, of the Abbey, makes his "honourable" advances to Miss Quibell, the distinguished governess of his girls, strikes the note of mingled atmosphere and character delineation which this book altogether achieves. Miss Quibell's somewhat regretful rejection of the tentative proposal leaving her free for the life of independence she has craved for during years of governessing, she retires to the Chantry-house, with a beautiful young niece in her care. Here the hesitancy induced in her character by the tragic failure of a past romance of her own, shows itself in her apparent strictness to her charge being alternated with a generous and touching weakness. Even Mary's dangerous contacts with her lover are hallowed and ratified by that part of the still-beautiful and very human Miss Quibell which recognises the glory of her young love and happiness. Mary's youth, her beauty, her dresses, the innocent-seeming deceptions she practises, her lover from the Castle, her ruin, steal through the pages and pervade them; and not only Miss Royde-Smith's fastidious writing but her point of view fit her period as if by an intuition that can dispense with care.

Mr. Norman knows what he means to do and how he means to do it, though he has a tendency to fall into the competent crafts-

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man's besetting vice—slickness without meaning. *Late of London Wall* is really the story of an English *Dodsworth*, but without either the touch of satire or the touch of rage which are to be found in Mr. Lewis's work. Joan, the rich man's wife, is not a revolting vampire like Mrs. Dodsworth, but a perfectly credible middle-class wife with a grown-up son and daughter and a tendency towards romance. So are the son and daughter perfectly credible; so is the father, and so are his friends. In fact, it is all a little too credible; we know the characters well, and we see the end of the book almost from the beginning—a depressing thing to do. It would make quite a good serial for a mildly serious magazine.

Mr. Pavey knows how to write, and, uncannily, how to seize and present the soul of a commonplace man, George Wentworth Line, No. 2269 on the Voters' List of the Parish, in its commonplace activities and its passionately individual hopes and fears. Unfortunately Mr. Pavey has not yet learned to distinguish between a sketch and a novel. The first half of his book about the life and feelings of George Wentworth Line, civil servant, is interesting and even stimulating, as the sympathetic photographic study of a human being can hardly ever fail to be; but during the second half, as it becomes increasingly clear that nothing in the world except past memories and small emotions is ever going to happen to George Wentworth Line, the reader's attention gradually waxes and wanes. George Wentworth Line is a Nobody, and if we are to have a full-length study (or diary) of a Nobody, it should at least be amusing at times. Incidentally, *Mr. Line* is the most damning indictment of the Civil Service, as a life for human beings, that I have ever read. *Ice in Egypt* is a competent, sympathetic collection of studies of Egyptian life in Cairo and elsewhere. The writer knows what she means to do, and produces her effects with economy and skill. It is not a great, but it is a very readable book.

We come now to the experimentalists—not that this week has produced anything very startling in the way of experiment. Miss Limebeer's experiment can only be called unfortunate. Its main originality consists in an almost entire absence of *oratio recta*. "Mrs. Robinson said . . ." one paragraph will begin, to be followed by another beginning "Mr. Robinson said . . ." and so on for pages, the accounts of these characters' remarks meanwhile getting more than a little mixed up with the direct narrative of the book. Up to a point, the method is successful in arresting attention, and Miss Limebeer also shows, in one or two passages, that she can write vivid and moving description if she chooses. But, after all, method and description are only method and description, and Heaven knows why Miss Limebeer has chosen to apply her method and description to so exceedingly unpleasing a subject.

The chief characteristic of *Francis* is a poignant sensitiveness, both to the emotions of people and to the appearance of natural objects, which can sometimes catch the breath of the reader. But though in the minor characters—as, for instance, Anna and Cousin Stella—there is some fine and delicate work, Miss Lambart does not quite succeed in her chief aim, the presentation of Francis through the eyes of those who loved him, does not quite succeed, partly if not wholly because she commits the rashness of bringing her hero on the stage to speak for himself, and, alas! he is, in the American sense, "dumb." Still, Miss Lambart is a promising novelist of rare and intelligent imagination.

PROTEUS.

L. T. HOBHOUSE

L. T. Hobhouse. His Life and Work. By J. A. HOBSON and MORRIS GINSBERG. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Leonard Trelawney Hobhouse was born in 1864, five years after the publication of *The Origin of Species*. His father was an orthodox and conservative Cornish archdeacon, educated at Eton and Balliol. Leonard was a clever, sensitive and temperamental boy with a splendid memory, and he was trained from childhood to win classical scholarships at school and university, with a fellowship to follow. He was head boy at Marlborough, and scholar and later fellow and "Greats" tutor first of Merton and then of Corpus at Oxford. His intellectual life was in many ways a reaction against his training. At school till he reached the sixth, he refused to take his form-work seriously, though he was rapidly promoted by examination. In the sixth he wrote good Latin verses, read Mazzini, and made himself an agnostic in religion and a Radical in politics. At Oxford he found that new forces were breaking in upon the old traditions and controversies. He was an undergraduate when the agricultural labourers were enfranchised, and used to address meetings in the villages with his dear old friend Hines, the eloquent Oxford chimney-sweep. As a tutor he lectured on metaphysics and epistemology and was keenly interested in his work. But he refused to consider the human mind, as both the Hegelians and their Oxford opponents usually did, in isolation from other minds. It is characteristic that at one time in the first year of his fellowship he described himself as spending five to seven hours a day at the Museum Laboratory, dissecting sheep's brains and hearts under Professor J. S. Haldane.

Four years before Hobhouse came to Oxford, I remember that Hastings Rashdall took me to hear T. H. Green lecture at Balliol. The lecture was an argument for human immortality, based on the statement that since we only know of the existence of our bodies from the testimony of our conscious mind, there is no *a priori* reason for believing that the dissolution of the body affects the continued existence of the conscious mind. Green asked for questions; I, being fresh from reading Darwin, asked him whether his argument applied to the conscious mind of a dog, and Green answered that he was not interested in dogs. Hobhouse was intensely "interested in dogs," and was one of the pioneers of comparative psychology. He experimented on the intelligence of "cats, dogs, monkeys of several species, a young female elephant, and an otter," and, being Hobhouse, loved his mammalian fellow-experimenters, and delighted to talk both of their intelligence and of their occasional stupidity.

In 1897, after ten years' teaching at Oxford, and after finishing his book on *The Theory of Knowledge*, he went to live in Manchester as leader-writer for the *Manchester Guardian*. In 1902 he came to London, and lived there till his death in 1929, sending articles to the *Manchester Guardian*, writing books on the group of subjects which came to be known as "sociology," becoming in 1907 the first London University Professor of Sociology, and doing admirable public service as chairman of several Trade Boards. He was an extremely good and stimulating teacher, to whom many of his students owed their first and most enduring conception of systematic reflection. He was a journalist who did much to keep alive the best tradition of liberal thought and feeling. The amazing facility which he acquired as a schoolboy remained till the end of his life. He lectured without notes of any kind, and I have heard him dictating leaders by long-distance telephone to Manchester without either hesitation or correction. The mental obstacles which for most men separate the two processes of talking and writing did not exist for him, and the specimens of his articles which are given at the end of this life are exactly like unusually good talk. It is only perhaps when one compares them with the journalistic writing of Hazlitt or Bagehot, that one regrets that they were not always better than good talk.

It is not easy to prophesy Hobhouse's permanent place in the history of social philosophy. For many English academic students he created modern sociology, avoiding the crudity of Herbert Spencer, the formalism of Comte, and the elaborate and sometimes empty methodology of so many American sociologists. His whole outlook was evolutionary, but the evolution in which he trusted was to be directed by conscious purpose. In the conclusion of his *Morals in Evolution* (1906) he wrote:

> It is enough, for the moment, to reach the idea of a self-conscious evolution of humanity and to find therein a meaning and an element of purpose for the historical process which has led up to it. . . . [Such an evolution] is the germ of a religion and an ethics which are as far removed from materialism as from the optimistic teleology of the metaphysician, or the half-naïve creeds of the churches. It gives a meaning to human effort, as neither the pawn of an overruling Providence nor the sport of blind force.

But even this paragraph, as given in full on pp. 84 and 85 of the Life, would be better if it were more compressed. I remember that Hobhouse, in a moment of depression, spoke to me of his work as having suffered from his uncertain health. He said that he never felt strong enough to undertake the tremendous effort of rewriting and concentrating what he had once written. The future course of social thought in England and America will, I believe, be influenced by Hobhouse's work, and may come to follow the ordered scheme which at the end of his life he was maturing. But as the years go on his contribution may be found rather in his effect on other writers than in the direct influence of his own books.

One has something of the same difficulty in estimating the value of this memoir. The first hundred pages consist of an admirable short biography written by J. A. Hobson, and containing appreciations by his friends and students, and an

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account by his son of his happy and affectionate home life. The next 250 pages consist of a summary of his work by Professor Ginsberg, his former pupil, devoted friend, and present successor. This section contains an analysis of each of his books, leading to a systematic exposition of his whole philosophy, which reminds one of the "introductions" which are so useful to readers of Plato's dialogues or Locke's treatises. In such an analysis the detailed knowledge and emotional appeal of the original is necessarily omitted, and anyone who, being unfamiliar with Hobhouse's own writings, attempts to read these pages through will find that he has undertaken a rather stiff task.

But an academic student who is prepared to work hard, and who takes the reading of this memoir as part of the process of understanding Hobhouse's teaching and personality, will find here just what he wants, not only a method of social analysis which will keep him intellectually and emotionally in touch with all the factors of his problem, but a noble example of the thinker's life. In the twentieth century we are not too well off for saints, and Hobhouse, with all his very human restlessness and fits of depression, was the kind of saint which modern civilisation most requires.

It is clear from the memoir that several series of Hobhouse's excellent and spontaneous letters are still in existence. Could not some more of these be selected and made into a further volume?

GRAHAM WALLAS.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Murry's book is an amazing achievement, and perhaps inaugurates a new kind of biography; it is an interpretation of D. H. Lawrence's spiritual and mental life and vicissitudes, by a man who knew him very intimately, but who claims to discover this interpretation in the books. As the title indicates, Mr. Murry sees in Lawrence's life and character a deliberate antithesis to Jesus; Lawrence, he considers, became during the latter part of his life "Jesus-haunted," and his last passionate outcry against "the abominable trinity in Calvary" is a cry of "vicisti, Galilæe." The judgment is fearful:

> On the cross, the man who kept his spirit whole, and let his flesh be crucified: on the cross, the man who severed his bodily love for woman, that he might give it to all women and all men for evermore: standing beneath, the man who would not sever his bodily love for woman, so that it turned into hate of all women and all men for evermore.

And the reason Lawrence is thus condemned to a fate so fearful is that he neglected the troll's advice to Peer Gynt: "to thine own self be true—enough," and denied the vision within him, casting it forth.

Mr. Murry argues that, for this, Lawrence could blame his mother—the favourite device of weak men. She was a bourgeoise (Lawrence himself describes her with infinite detail in *Sons and Lovers*) married to a collier, who had failed her by failing to accept the responsibilities of marriage and of fatherhood, and she made David Herbert, her son, be to her all her husband was not—he became "child-man" to her, and they worshipped each other; the loveliest poetry he ever wrote was to her when she died. No other woman, no other human being, ever meant to him quite as much as she did; his mother was always the one woman in his life. When he was sixteen the wrench came: he describes it at length in *Sons and Lovers*, more briefly and abstractly in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, how "everything goes on swimmingly until the boy is faced with the actual fact of sex-necessity." He reacts, as every adolescent must, against his mother and his home; yet he realises that since he has given his mother all the best of his love, has, as it were, emptied himself of it, he cannot give such love to any other woman, for it is no longer his to give, and he has nothing left but the lees, but sex, and sex seems very second-best. He can no longer love with the whole of himself—the spiritual and the carnal are severed. He wants every relationship to be exquisite as his was with his mother, and that cannot be. He tortures himself by trying to make of sex something it is not, and because he is *trop voulu*, his sex, and his writing, lack spontaneity. He very deliberately persuades Miriam, his first love, met and loved when he was only sixteen years old, to become his mistress, and she consents; through desire to please him, and not through desire of "it," and in this, it appears, she was not "acting right by him." So he leaves her, and "takes up with" a married woman, a school-mistress, seeking release from his sex "through the woman," but she, again, gives not from desire but from pity.

Lawrence's mother died about the time of this his second experiment, and set him free. But, as Mr. Murry points out, "to set free is not to make whole. The freedom he gained from his mother's death was wholly external, his soul was in bondage still." Soon after this Lawrence married, and for a short time everything went well. He wrote *Look, we have come through* and *The Rainbow* describing this part of his life. But it was not long before he began to hate his wife, and continued to do so all his life, because, although she satisfied him, and gave him fulfilment, he could not give it her, nor could he have children. He wants her "to be a mother to him," and writes:

> So I hope I shall spend eternity
> With my face down buried between her breasts.
> And my still heart full of security.
> And my still hands full of her breasts.

which, as Mr. Murry trenchantly observes,

> is the place and posture of the child in arms: an eternity of infancy; yet the moment he is gone she must think of him as a wild, masculine thing that has pounced upon her, whereas he has been only a child in her arms. The discord was really ultimate, and within himself. The woman must be his mother, and, being made his mother, she cannot do otherwise than regard him as her child.

And here Mr. Murry finds the beginning of Lawrence's self-assumed rivalry with Jesus. For Jesus also there was one woman only—his mother, and yet he could say to her "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and she would answer only: "My Lord and my God!" Unfortunately, the man who cried "God—that she is necessary" was neither Lord nor God, and, though he might ask for submission from his wife, he could not compel it. "The dependence of the man upon the woman is excessive, it is an extremity of dependence from which he must rebel." But for Jesus there was no dependence, either upon man or upon woman, and the right way for Lawrence, as for Christ, would have been to go out alone, to find his freedom by giving up mother and mistress, and his own self too, for his soul's sake. But where Christ led, Lawrence, whining and cringing, dared not follow, and here lay the key of his failure. His "Lost Garden" was innocence in sex (as he wrote in *Pansies*: "Sex is a state of grace, and you'll have to wait"), and to explain his failure without admitting it, to regain his Paradise without confessing it lost, to appear master where he was very humble servant, he invented many theories, assayed many disguises, but, as Mr. Murry shows, he never could mask wholly the two infinities: "The 'spirit' seeking the ecstasy of universal love, the 'flesh' seeking the sexual ecstasy." And all his life he tried vainly to serve both these masters.

There were three ways out of his impasse—to fulfil one, to fulfil the other, or vainly to attempt to fulfil both—and this Lawrence chose. What he desired was to find his vision, and to find it in, through, and with, woman. But this cannot be, for visions may only be sought, and can only be found, alone: Brand was right when he burnt his child's toys. But Lawrence would burn nothing here, and his various panaceas turned out so many quack medicines. After the failure of his marriage he invented a peculiar "fulfilment of touch," a "mystery beyond the phallic," which was a dream realisation of "a sexual mystery wherein he was lord." *Twilight in Italy* and *Women in Love* are the products of this experiment, which failed, because woman failed—she refused to be paid in such false coin. He went on to substitute men for women—to find in primitive peoples, in a semi-tangible and mysterious brotherhood of men worshipping the same rather beastly gods, the fulfilment he sought.

Fantasia of the Unconscious, written when Lawrence was thirty-five, is, Mr. Murry thinks, his masterpiece. In it he puts himself aside, and uses what knowledge, intuition and experience he possesses, in trying to prevent the future generations from being subjected to, and from subjecting themselves to, suffering, through making the same mistakes which he has made. A man's heart, at thirty, is either steeled or broken, and Lawrence is here trying to make of the broken pieces of his own a pattern that will serve to steel the hearts of the yet unborn. It is the sum of his achievement, the sum of his experience: it seems as though he had at last escaped himself, now he has escaped from England and from the War: and then, quite suddenly, he returns to his old failures. Now he dreams of leadership, and of a man-to-man relationship which is "passing the love of women." He finds, in *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo*, a Davidian friendship which provides him with all that woman has denied him. But the perfect man is as elusive as the perfectly submissive nonentity of a woman of whom Lawrence had dreamed earlier, and he flees himself

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through continent after continent, book after book, only to admit in the end that *tous nos malheurs viennent de ne pouvoir être seuls.* He has realised it at last, and says: "Men are simply afraid to be alone. That is absolutely all there is to it—fear of being alone." But again he puts the vision by, and shrinks from it: he dare not "simply be alone."

Now that he has realised his failure to find in life his consummation in sex, he dreams of finding his vision in a life to come. In *The Princess*, *The Woman who Rode Away* and *Glad Ghosts* woman is still the arch-enemy, the abomination, but man, made perfect by death, ventures, in a physical resurrection, to fulfil both herself and him. He is still miserably resentful of "the compulsion of sex upon the male," but now he has found a new solution—a sort of Swedenborgianism, a dream of a physical resurrection wherein sex is sublimated and still supreme. He, who all his life has been a slave to his own desires, now imagines himself "a dark lord of death": he sees himself reborn virgin. "To be virgin once more—how strange it will seem to some that this should have been Lawrence's most secret desire." Yet Mr. Murry insists it was.

Now he knows he must die unfulfilled, having failed to find his longed for consummation, and having put by and forever denied the vision he might have attained—had he but dared to be alone, as a saint is alone. He tries to persuade himself that death is "a consummation . . . devoutly to be wished," and he writes *The Man Who Died*, wherein he makes Jesus admit he was wrong and Lawrence was right. That admission made, the risen Christ is "fulfilled through touch" and understands "live love" (which is more than Lawrence ever did); and "to-morrow is another day." But for Lawrence *morgen war doch kein Tag*, and this pitiful insistence on life, on warmth, on physical contact and fleshly reality is as pathetic as it is unconvincing, in one about to die. Lawrence is beaten—and *The Man Who Died* is a last attempt to prove Christ beaten too, and triumphant only by admitting himself beaten. Lawrence is very frightened, and the bitterness of dying is already upon him, and the horror of his own body dead. Earthy, simple things are very near him, and he returns at the end to be blessed, as Alyosha was, *non avec l'eau bénite, mais avec la terre bénie.* Mr. Murry assures us that in *The Man Who Died* there is no blasphemy—it is, he says, "the judgment of the perfect child upon the perfect man." Surely not—surely it is rather the terrified, despairing cry of one about to go down alone into the darkness: *Ave, Jesu, moriturus te salutat!*

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This book is formed on an unusual plan, for it was not conceived as a whole by Marshal Pilsudski, although almost entirely written by him. The translator and editor, with the marshal's approval, has used the major parts of two books, one written in 1903 and one in 1917, as well as many articles, fragments of speeches, a letter and orders to troops, produced over a period of twenty-six years (1903-1929). These writings are given unity by the author's singlemindedness and the skill of the editor, who has interpolated a series of useful notes, and whose knowledge of Poland and the Poles sheds a steady light over the whole. The result is a book of memoirs which reads as a running commentary instead of a retrospect; a document of the first importance in the history of Poland's liberation; a work which conveys to the general reader something of the soundness and spirit, the power and charm, of one who is perhaps the most distinguished of the post-War dictators.

Nothing emerges more clearly from these pages than the fact that to work for Poland has meant to work against Russia. The marshal has been called the saviour of Europe on account of his defeat of the Soviet armies before Warsaw in August, 1920, and it is now possible to see the personal as clearly as the political significance of his victory. Born at a time when the ill-fated rising of 1863 was still fresh in people's minds, and brought up on the forbidden poets Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki, he became a Socialist and devoted his young life to combating the policy of denationalisation which Russia pursued in Poland. After five years' exile in Eastern Siberia, he made up for enforced idleness by an intense activity in propaganda. Certain of these chapters describe the hazards of the secret printing and distribution of illegal books and papers—we see, for example, Madame Pilsudska making a railway journey with five and a half stone of printed matter hidden under her dress. In 1900 Pilsudski was arrested, but escaped from prison by feigning madness; during the Russo-Japanese War he actually travelled to Tokyo to seek support in raising a Polish legion; and from 1906 onwards devoted much attention to a close study of military theory and history, as well as to the special problems of organising an illegal military force to fight against Russia. After co-operating with the Central Powers during the Great War, and proving himself, at the head of his legionaries, a great soldier, differences arose, and Pilsudski was arrested and imprisoned for a year in the fortress of Magdeburg. (His various prison experiences, it may be noted, have afforded him material for some interesting pages on the psychology of prisoners.) The rest of his career is recent history. Since May, 1926, as Mr. D. R. Gillie remarks, the real power in Poland has been in Pilsudski's hands. He has succeeded in forming the first strong national Polish government since the days of Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century.

Pilsudski himself perceives that there are two usual ways in which dictatorships are formed. One is that of violence and the imposition of power, of which there are many examples in history. The other is by the free choice of men, who in a difficult moment, when an individual will is most needed and the public is frightened, seek one man to whom to entrust their fate. He sees in himself such a man, and the facts justify him. It would be impossible to state his position more clearly than he himself did in his finely direct speech of July 3rd, 1923: "When I was preparing to-day's speech, I thought over this term 'Dictator'. I don't wish to use any far-fetched term or coin any special title for myself, I only wish, as a historian, to define the phenomenon which cannot otherwise be described." These are accents that might fall strangely on ears accustomed to the bombast of a Mussolini. "I was given the title of 'Chief of State', a title which draws tears to the eyes, the title of a man who lives for ever although he died, the title of Kosciuszko. . . . Again, gentlemen, I state that there was no violence, no corruption, no 'concession', no attempt to compel anyone at that moment to raise his hand for me or give his vote for me." The memoirs of this incorruptible, like his deeds, speak for

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I sowed the seeds of love,
I sowed them in the spring,
Thinking some tender flower
Would be their blossoming.

How could I know the seeds
Of love would grow a tree
To lace its arching boughs above
And quite enshadow me?

How could I know the tree
Would to a forest grow
To fetter and encompass me
Whether I would or no?

Out of the wood of love
I cannot find my way,
The branches bar my path
Go forward as I may.

The leaves are close as scales
Lapped in a fish's skin,
The branches like a fisher's net
Leave not a space between.

Oh, it is dark and cold
In this green wood alone,
The grave is not a colder place
To shut one from the sun.

Mrs. Lynd's attitude to nature and natural beauty is one of eager acceptance; she sees the visible world with a loving and remembering eye, and can catch its quality for us in phrases of haunting felicity. She is troubled, but never so troubled that she loses her coherence; or maybe with her a spiritual bewilderment is controlled so that she will not make all nature into a partner of her rare moods of spiritual difficulty. There is depth in many of these poems, but never obscurity; and in these days of commonly difficult writing it may be that some will forget that depth is not inconsistent with great clarity. It is only when one begins to dive down into one of these poems that one discovers how great a depth there is, and acknowledges, with the poet, that "all the wonders time has wrought, Wore the tender wings of thought."

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Mr. Roger Pocock's adventures took place, for the most part, on land. In an earlier work, *A Frontiersman*, which had a well-deserved success, Mr. Pocock took us through the story of his life as far as the South African War; he now adds a sequel, and it may be said at once that in wealth of incident and in those touches of humour (some of them apparently unconscious) which are characteristic of Mr. Pocock's manner, the second book is a worthy successor to the first. The central theme is, of course, the founding of the Legion of Frontiersmen, the principal achievement of Mr. Pocock's life, which was only made possible by his personal exertions and self-sacrifice. He would sit before a typewriter in his little office in the Adelphi, working day and night, even going without food, that the Legion might live. His occasional reward would be the appearance of one of his rather theatrically-dressed Frontiersmen, probably swinging into the office through the window. But he admits himself that he had little gift for organisation, and still less of that useful trick of impressing one's views upon leading business men and politicians. So it came about that when Armageddon arrived the Legion was never allowed to operate as a separate unit, though this war was almost its *raison d'être*; and its founder, after much unseemly squabbling, found himself ejected from all share in the management. So he went and commanded a labour battalion in France. In a sense it is a story of failure; but no one who has retained Mr. Pocock's sturdy optimism and his zest for life can fairly be said to have failed.

Mr. Ronald A. Monson is a young Australian journalist. Answering an advertisement in a local paper, he became the partner of a Mr. E. A. R. Cooke in a projected walk from Capetown to Cairo. And since he knew nothing of Africa or its people we may at any rate applaud his sporting spirit. Cooke, the originator of the scheme, fell out at Johannesburg; but a Mr. J. H. Wilson took his place, and the two young men, Monson and Wilson, pressed sternly on, suffering agonies with their feet and often short of food, while the comfortable railway trains, with their Pullman cars, flashed by them, moving north or south along the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Only the Nile sudd defeated them; they were compelled to cover some few hundreds of miles by boat; but with that exception the walking record stands and is something to be proud of. Mr. Monson describes the journey in detail, as though quoting from a diary. The result is a refreshing appearance of strict accuracy. Food, for instance, is allowed to take the prominent place which, in fact, it always does occupy on these occasions. But there is one adventure with a rogue elephant which overshadows everything else in the book. It is sufficient to say here that Mr. Monson narrowly saved his life by surrendering his hat.

"Steve" Fairbairn is a name too well known to need introduction. One had always wondered on what principle this youthful, riotous Australian selected his Cambridge college, and

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it is amusing to hear from himself how his tutor asked him the same question, and how he replied that Jesus was the only College in Cambridge he had heard of, adding, "I have not found out that there are any others yet." Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed his undergraduate career as heartily as he enjoyed every other moment of his life. He revolutionised Jesus rowing, and by most Englishmen is known chiefly for that. But this brief autobiography puts his exploits into proper perspective at last. To a large number of his readers the chapters describing life in Australia will be the most interesting in the book.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence. Edited by Secretary of Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne. 60s.

This familiar tome is too often regarded as a reference book solely for use in the offices of Stockbrokers and Companies. This is a mistake for it can be an invaluable guide to the intelligent private investor, giving as it does full particulars of every conceivable security and undertaking dealt with on the Exchange. In addition, special chapters deal with public finance, both National and Municipal, as well as Colonial and Foreign. One chapter is devoted to War Debts and Reparations; a section of general information and statistics contains many facts relating to Income Tax, Stamp Duties and kindred subjects of importance to investors. The binding of the volume's two thousand odd pages deserves commendation.

English Windmills. Vol. 1. By M. I. BATTEN. Architectural Press. 5s. 6d.

The Mills of Man. By GEORGE LONG. Herbert Joseph. 12s. 6d.

Both these books are written under the sense of loss. *English Windmills* is a definite appeal for the preservation of our windmills, which are rapidly falling to pieces through neglect, and the impossibility of working them with profit. Miss Batten gives a brief history of windmills, the first of which appeared in England in the twelfth century, and in this volume she deals with the windmills of Sussex, Kent and Surrey. Her writing is clear and informative, and it is backed by a large number of excellent photographs and a map. *The Mills of Man* is wider in scope; tide-mills and querns and watermills as well as windmills come under Mr. Long's heading, and its subject is not confined to England. Mr. Long has gathered a mass of miscellaneous lore and history connected with mills, but he seems to have undervalued the interest of his immediate subject. He goes off into long parentheses about Don Quixote, John Constable, poets and river-fauna, when the reader would gladly hear more about the actual mills which Mr. Long knows intimately. However, millers have played some very odd parts in history, from smuggling brandy to giving short measure in corn, and Mr. Long has picked up some good stories from local conversation. This book also is well illustrated by photographs.

Masters of Mystery. By H. DOUGLAS THOMSON. Collins. 12s. 6d.

In this lively and comprehensive book Mr. Thomson gives the history of detective fiction from Poe to Edgar Wallace, classifies the different types even down to the monthly *Sexton Blake*, and argues amusingly about murder, clues and detectives. He points out that in detective stories murder is never taken seriously, and his defence of them against the attacks of moralists is much the same as Lamb's defence of artificial comedy. A chapter on Sherlock Holmes is excellent, particularly for its anecdotes about Dr. Joseph Bell, the original of Holmes, whose methods of diagnosis were entirely Sherlockian and who had the hawk's face and lean figure of the illustrations. The book is a guide to detective fiction-reading and a not too serious investigation into literary methods.

The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber. By J. SWAIN. Douglas. 16s.

Although one may think that this belongs to the class of unnecessary books—its illustrations in particular should be taken away—one cannot deny that Mr. Swain, in his ironic way, often performs a useful service by his disclosure of the depths to which human nature can sink. He deals with the whole question of torture, and its infliction, and brings his book up to the present day by inclusion of some of the terrors of the Bryce report. It is a sickening record to be read with shame and apprehension by those who have stomachs strong enough to stand it.

The Riviera, South-Eastern France and Corsica. By K. BAEDEKER. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

This most excellent of guide-books more than fulfils the promise of its title. Not only do we have Cote d'Azur, but here is that more attractive strip of Mediterranean loveliness between Genoa and Spezia, with excursions to Pisa and Leghorn. Then we have some of the most fascinating parts of France surveyed; the names of the towns alone arouse the readers' sense of history and culture—Annecy, Lyons, Grenoble, Carcassonne, Avignon, Marseilles, Nimes, Toulon, it is a bede-roll for the ardent traveller who can have no better companion than this new volume in the familiar red guides.

The Pacific. By STANLEY ROGERS. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

It was suggested to Mr. Rogers that he should "do a volume" on the Pacific, and he has done it, and done it very well. Mr. Rogers knows the ships, the sailors, the ports and islands of the Pacific at first hand, and he has read much in its history and literature. He gives us the results in a pleasantly desultory and sauntering fashion which makes excellent reading for a leisure hour. Stories of great navigators and privateers, memories of Stevenson and Pierre Loti, the California gold-rush and the clipper-ship era, the trans-Pacific liners of to-day, the monoliths of Easter Island, and that remarkable *lingua franca, bêche-de-mer* English, all come in for easy, vigorous description. After Mr. Rogers's admirable custom, he has illustrated the volume copiously with his own spirited drawings, which are not a mere adornment of the book, but an integral part of it.

The Wissahickon Hills. By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. Oxford University Press. 17s.

It is probable that most English people who have travelled in America will remember the Wissahickon Creek, its gorge and its heights. For, though most travellers land in New York, Philadelphia, some would say the city fullest of historical memories—the city of Penn, of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, of the first Congress, and of the Constitution—is distant only a two hours' journey. And few visitors to Philadelphia will be allowed to miss Fairmont Park, which includes the last eight miles of the Wissahickon valley, and is made the wildest and most naturally magnificent park lying near any large city. The Wissahickon is called a "creek," but it is about the size of the Wiltshire Avon and its rocky, precipitous, forest-hung gorge deserves the epithet "romantic" as truly as any scenery in the world. As Edgar Allan Poe described it, so it is still. Even William Cobbett, who went so far in his dislike of things American as to say that they have "birds without song and flowers without scent," could not resist the Wissahickon and wrote that he had "never seen anything so beautiful as the foggy valley of the Wysihicken." So it is to be hoped that English readers will welcome this handsome volume, lovingly written by Cornelius Weygandt, of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Weygandt writes easily and makes us see the beauty of the scenes he describes and share in his pleasure in them. He writes much of wild flowers, birds and wild animals, with a charming, amateur air that makes us feel companionably that we, too, might lie from 5.10 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. with our heads in an open hearth, watching the entries and exits of a chimney swift's day, however well we know that such patience will never be ours.

Women and Children Last. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Cape. 7s. 6d.

And Mr. Beverley Nichols, presumably, first. He writes about women, sex, sunburn, gigolos, Nice, snobs, vulgarity, his correspondents,

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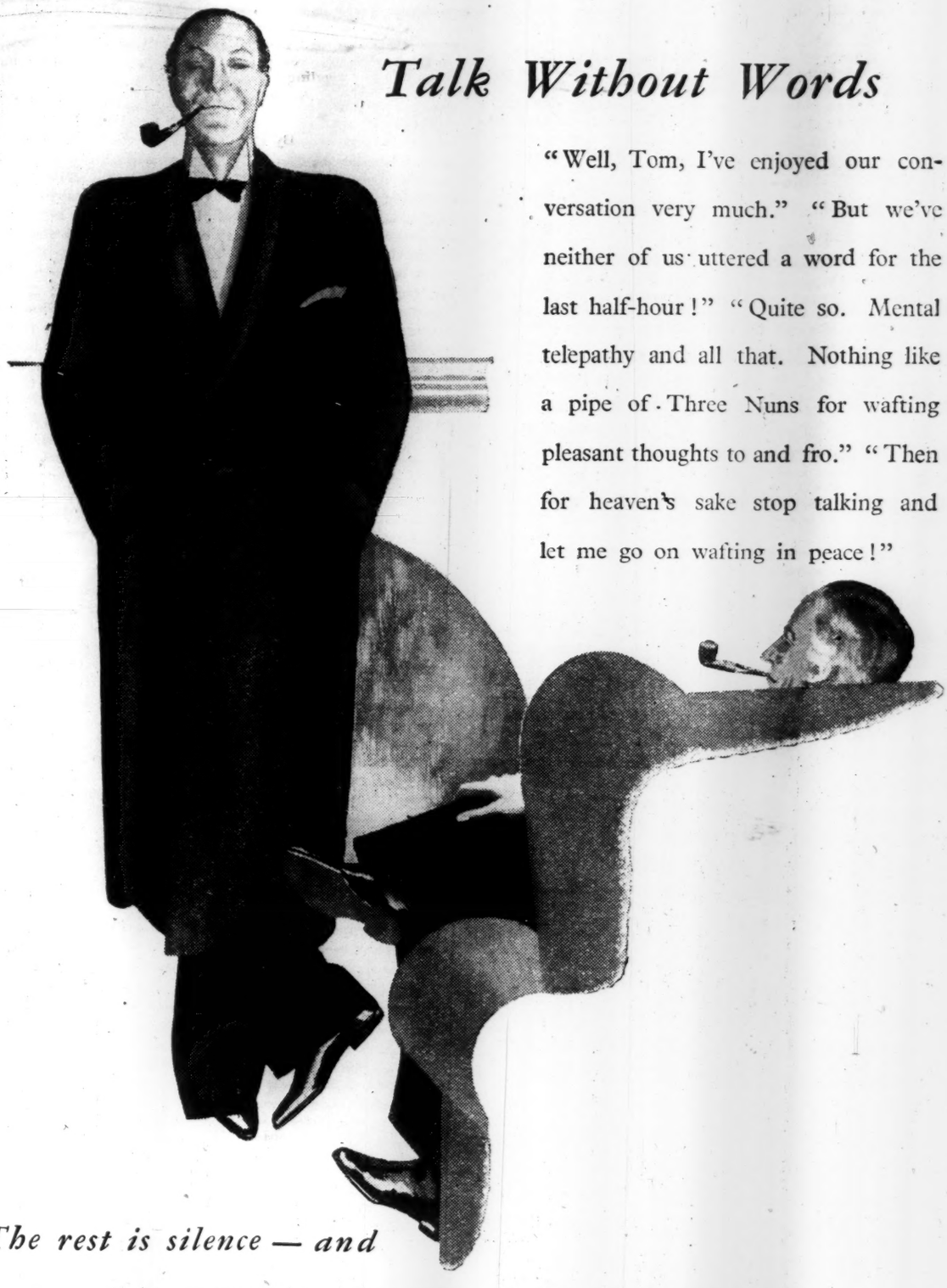

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his adorers, his critics; but, unmistakably arch and smart and sentimental, Mr. Nichols is in the front of the picture. One of these pieces is dedicated "with apologies to Mr. Michael Arlen." The dedication and the apology are appropriate enough, because this book has Mr. Arlen's shine and not much else. Mr. Nichols is still embarrassingly aware of a squirm when he looks in the mirror; "My sense of humour" is so obvious a search for "something different"; "My version of vulgarity" does not get near to answering the question, "Why do people call me vulgar?" The answer is not, in spite of Mr. Nichols, "Because I always tell the truth." He can be effectively slick and fashionable—why drag in truth?

Shipshape: or Sea Legs without Tears. By EDMUND VALE. Dent. 6s.

Mr. Vale modestly announces himself as a landsman writing for landsmen. He is a landsman, however, who loves the sea and its traditions, and he has produced an admirable little handbook for ocean travellers who do not want to regard a ship as a mere floating hotel. His history is a little weak, and his purpose leads him to ignore the ship's function as a cargo-carrier to an extent which is sometimes almost ludicrous; but within his own province he gives an immense variety of accurate information in a clear, concise, and very readable style. Drawings by F. H. Glazebrook and Ruth Vale are really helpful in elucidating the text.

Newest Europe. By MARTIN MACLAUGHLIN. Longmans. 6s.

Mr. MacLaughlin is an enthusiast for Europe, "our Europe," as he calls it. "Here life is lived between the seas and the steppes; as full of spiritual fecundity and material poverty as it was when she bore modern civilisation." He believes in her and in her future, but he does not shut his eyes to her defects or to the dangers that beset her. Naturally, his survey, to the conciseness and general interest of which one must pay a tribute of admiration, is mainly concerned with those areas which are playing a more active, and often a less happy, part in contemporary affairs. In a sense, this deprives the book of proportion. For instance, when dealing with the Baltic States, Mr. MacLaughlin is constantly compelled to refer to the formative influence of bygone Swedish rule and the Swedish culture. But Sweden itself, which is (for Western culture, at least) the key to the whole Baltic, receives no special attention from Mr. MacLaughlin. It is, however, impossible to deal with everything, and it is only fair to say that in *Newest Europe* we are given an eminently balanced and thoroughly interesting account of the nearest, smallest and most fascinating of continents.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE two recent recordings of Stravinsky's *Sacré du Printemps* aptly symbolise the two different attitudes of admirers of this work. The first, by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stowkowski (H.M.V., four 12 in., D1919-22), is for those who look upon the work as the last word in physical sensation, as a first-class orchestral "thriller," in fact; while the second, played by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris under the composer's direction (Columbia, five 12 in., LX119-23) has the austerity that we have come to expect from Stravinsky's renderings of his own works and will please those who regard *Le Sacré du Printemps* not so much as ballet music as an objective essay in rhythm and sonorities. There is no denying the strikingly more brilliant execution and recording of the American records. (In one place the playing is actually too good! The opening bassoon solo is played with a sweetness and delicacy that are astounding when we consider the difficulty of the passage, but which is, I feel, an effect that Stravinsky can neither have expected nor desired.) Where they are less satisfactory is in one or two of the slower movements, such as the "Action Rituelle des Ancêtres," which are a little perfunctory and lack that "dark" quality which is such a feature of this ballet and which reminds one irresistibly of the later books of D. H. Lawrence (the same type of primitive nostaglia arising primarily from an exasperated intellect). The slow movements are, on the whole, good, in the French recording, but the more strenuous sections are muffled and ineffective. It will be interesting to see how this work, which in spite of its immense reputation is still comparatively rarely performed, will stand being brought out of the theatrical limelight into the colder rays of the gramophone record. To my mind, the sections that suffer most, even in the American records, are the purple passages like the final dance. Just as in African music the real accent is provided, not by the sound of the drum, but by the preparatory movement of the hand away from it, so in the sacrificial dance and similar passages the real accent is provided by the movements of the dancers, or, in the concert hall, the conductor; and the loss of this visual stress results in an extraordinary deadening of the physical appeal. Another weakness of the work which is brought into unnatural prominence through the gramophone is its sectional nature and entire lack of formal organisation. As a ballet, this work is extremely satisfactory and, musically speaking, it contains (in the introductions to either part) what is probably Stravinsky's finest music, but really one can no longer pretend that it shows any constructive ability whatsoever. It has not even the formal logic of the earlier *Firebird*, which, as Mr. Edwin Evans rightly points out, is a fantasia round a single *idée fixe*. (Incidentally, gramophone companies might surely take more trouble about the translation of French titles. On one of these records the sombre *Rondes Printanieres* is given as *Spring's Roundelay*.)

After the *Sacré du Printemps*, which, rhythmically speaking, is deliberately over-written or under-written, it is a relief to turn to the Gregorian Chants, issued by H.M.V., in which the rhythm is so part of the melody that it is impossible to discuss the two separately. Even to the jaded modern ear this unaccompanied line is so pliant and expressive, so perfectly proportioned, that one is conscious of no archaism, no distance of time, that might interfere with the spiritual content of these chants. They are sung by the monks' choir of St. Pierre de Solesmes Abbey, conducted by Dom. J. Gajard. There are twelve 12 in. records, D1971-82, but, as I have heard only a selection, I do not wish to single out any particular one.

A far greater contrast to the Stravinsky ballet than these chants is provided by a work written in the same generation, Elgar's *First Symphony*, in A flat (H.M.V., six 12 in., D1944-49, in album, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the composer). The recording is quite exceptionally good. It is strange to think that Elgar has ever been considered an over-Teutonic composer, for it is almost impossible to listen to these records without conjuring up a confused but roseate picture of Edwardian life, in which beneficent imperialism, freedom slowly broadening down, and the figure of Edward the Peacemaker are somehow entangled with water-parties, red-coated marches-past in brilliant sunshine, the old colonel in the library, with tennis played by characters from A. A. Milne on the lawn outside. It is these English qualities that, in themselves, are fastened on by both upholders and detractors and made a platform for exaggerated praise by the more academic critics and musicians, and equally unreasonable disdain by a large body of amateur,

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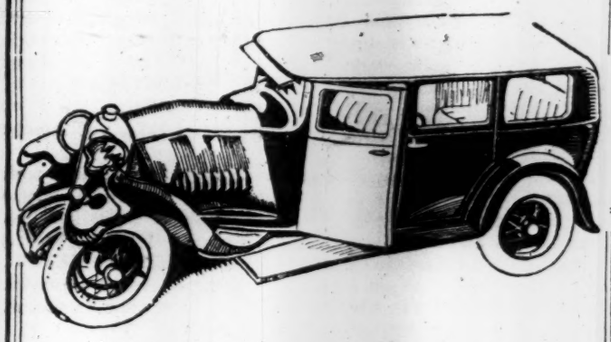

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The Sign of Security

but intelligent, listeners. To dismiss this work as a "Salvation Army" symphony is as foolish as the "better than Purcell" cry that has been raised in some quarters. Elgar is too complex a personality to be discussed in these black-and-white terms. It is really baffling to find a composer basing an important work on the frankly appalling melody that starts off the *First Symphony* and at the same time producing movements like the scherzo of the *Second Symphony*, or the development section of the *First Symphony*, which show not only the greatest skill, but intense and personal imagination.

Elgar's skill, of course, has never been questioned and, technically speaking, he is only surpassed by Strauss, whose suite of incidental music to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* has just been issued on four 12 in. records played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Clemens Krauss (H.M.V., C2034-7). This is delightful table-talk by a conversationalist whose epigrams flow so freely that we have not time to submit them to a scrutiny they might not withstand.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

About Motoring

THE POOR MAN'S MOTORCYCLE

LAST November, at the annual dinner of the motorcycle trade society, Mr. Jack Sangster, of the Ariel Company, made a spirited appeal to the members of the Government, present and absent, to follow continental practice, and to liberate from tax and insurance handicaps all motorcycles beneath a certain cost or power standard. In France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany this has already been done, and many thousands of machines with engines of approximately 1 h.-p. are built and sold to artisans, at prices ranging from £8 to £15. Mr. Sangster's eloquent and forcible appeal fell on deaf ears, partly because all Governments suffer from inertia due to pressure of work, and partly because no such motorcycles were then available in this country. The Excelsior Company of Birmingham have now launched a machine of this type, and a certain liveliness may be anticipated. I am not yet aware what the insurance companies propose to charge as premium for the compulsory third-party cover on such machines; presumably it will not be less than £2. The compulsory tax stands at 30s. and the driving licence at 5s., so that a working man must pay out approximately £4 before he is allowed to put one of them on the road.

The Excelsior is priced at £14 14s., and weighs 112 lbs. It is fitted with a Villiers engine of the three-port two-stroke type, the cylinder bore and piston stroke being 2 ins. This type of engine is a proved commercial success. The Villiers company alone has built many thousands of them, and exported them to all quarters of the globe. This particular size is freely used on the Continent on bicycles of similar type. No pedalling gear is provided, as the transmission consists of two chains and a two-speed gearbox. The latter is controlled by a heel-and-toe rocking lever, adjacent to the left footrest. There is no kickstarter, and the machine is started by a gentle push. It fires at walking pace, and the rider steps on to the footrest, and throws his leg over the saddle. Expanding brakes, 4 ins. in diameter, are fitted to both hubs. The ignition is by the famous Villiers flywheel magneto, which is at once simple and dependable. Lubrication is performed by mixing one part of lubricating oil with eight parts of petrol, and pouring the mixture into the tank; as the mixture is pre-compressed inside the crankcase with this type of engine, oil automatically reaches all the moving parts, which are few and simple.

The bicycle is well made, with a tubular frame and pressed steel fork, tank, and so forth. The fork has a single barrel spring. The saddle is of fair size with good compression springs. The tyres are of 2¾ in. section on 25 ins. rims, so that a tolerable degree of insulation from road shocks is provided, and the immunity from puncture should be even greater than on heavier machines, which are less well tyred in proportion to their speed and weight. Sheet metal is freely used in the minor items of the specification, a large pressed steel box being mounted inside the frame for the storage of tools, etc. No lamps or horn are included in the price. Electric lighting may be obtained at an extra charge of 25s., whilst 15s. will provide an acetylene lighting system. The machine is remarkably good value at the price.

It should be emphasised that there is nothing experimental about the design, every detail being of a proved type. This pattern of engine is not familiar to the average car owner, but is well known to all motorcyclists. It has to be set up rather tight, as its power output is peculiarly dependent on its compression tightness. This creates a tendency to "seize" until the piston and cylinder have become bedded in by hard use. But if such engines are driven in rather gingerly fashion while they are new, they eventually become beautifully polished internally, and are then positive gluttons for work. The gearbox is a miniature edition of a popular motorcycle design, and suggests no comments. I regret the absence of a pedalling gear. A workman cannot afford to be late on his job, and the addition of pedalling gear would make it possible for an earnest fellow to propel the machine a few miles if he found himself puzzled during his novitiate by some simple derangement such as a faulty sparking plug. I do not imply that the machine will frequently fail to work, but a novice is always liable to be perplexed by some simple mishap.

The introduction of such machines at such a price offers great attractions to many types of working men. In the first place their labour is rendered much more mobile, which is no small consideration in the teeth of current housing problems. A tool room hand, living in such a town as Birmingham, quite frequently switches from one factory to another. In cities public transport is usually available. But in suburban and rural districts there may be no public transport; and a good many trades are permanently confronted by far more acute problems. The building trade is an excellent example. Secondly, the ownership of a motorcycle furnishes splendid opportunities for recreation. If an artisan, owing to age or temperament, does not play games, his Saturdays are often devoted to spectatorship, which is exhausting rather than recuperative; and his Sundays may be rather blank. Fourteen guineas is naturally rather a formidable sum to a man on a weekly wage, even if he is a young bachelor with no great financial burden to shoulder. But continental experience is decisive; a surprising number of young artisans will find such sums with very little encouragement. If the Government free such machines from the existing legal imposts of approximately £4 per annum the situation would be easier; for £4 is rather more than a full week's wages in almost any trade. The real crux is the compulsory insurance. If this were lifted, it is conceivable that the owners of private cars would have to pay slightly enhanced premiums.

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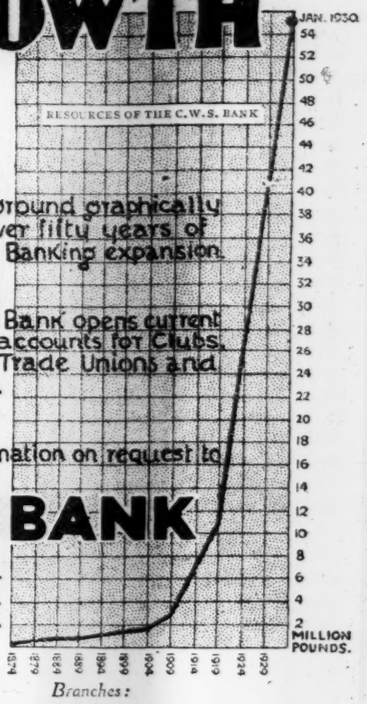

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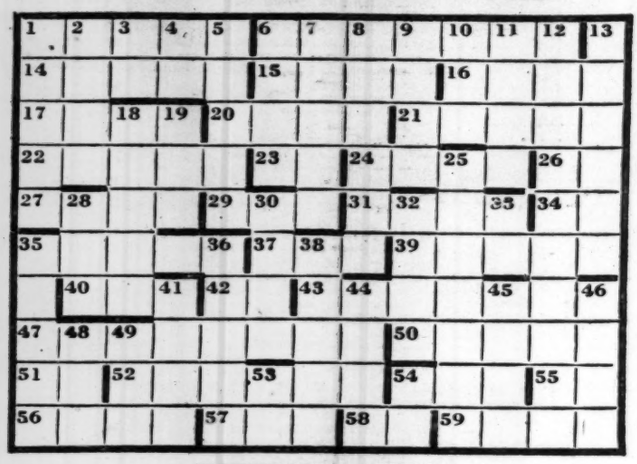
PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



EXTIRPATED CITIES

The following are the extirpated cities: *Across*—(1) The City of Beggars, (6) The City of Light, (15) The City of Lust, (24) The City of Solomon, (27) The City of Danton, (31) The City of Bruce, (52) The City of Participation, (56 *rev.*) The City of Washington, (59) The City of Sir Malcolm Campbell.

Down—(1) The City of Ananias, (8) The City of Indefinite Extension, (9) The City of Content, (11) The City of Greed, (19) The City of the Dense, (35) The City of Words, (41 *rev.*) The City of Appetite, (46) The City of Horrors.

The remaining clues are italicised.

ACROSS

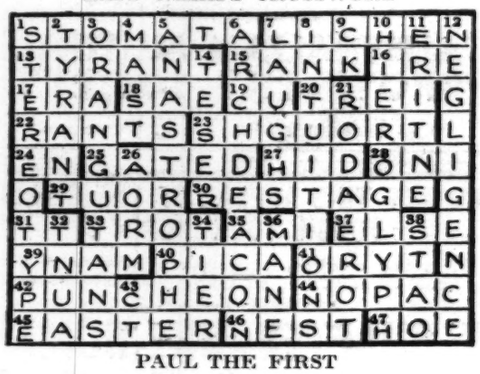
14 *rev.* If *this knot you undo,*
16. Since of *thighs* there are two,
17. You will learn why *a Cæsar*
20. Thinks *a Buddhist priest* is a teaser.
21. As *an emblem of sleep*
22. A *plum* might well prove cheap,
23 *rev.* So I'll get all the *gold* that I can
26. For the *purposes of the Vatican.*
29. Old Job lived with his *sister,*
34. But when *he returned,* he missed her;
35. She had proved, by the *exercise of reason,*
37. That *Victoria* died out of season.
39. In spite of *distributed dirt*
40. *I affirm* I would put my shirt
42. On a maker of *guns* whose eyes
43 *rev.* Are tinted with *coal-tar* dyes.
47. There's *a hill, and a palace too,*
50 *rev.* The *silent* screen brings to view;
51. But our friends from the *dug-up city*
54. Say the *slippery one* lacks pity.
55. Bring me *part of a bromide.* I find
57. That *the side's left its leader behind;*
58. So send along *one of an order*
From over the border.

DOWN

2. I *always* like games in the air;
3. They are *nothing if I am not there.*
4. However I may *act*
5. The *Scillies* are lacking in tact.
6. A *hirsute lad's* loss—
7. *The plural of 20 Across.*
10. *His thought seemed to start all right,*
12. But he's *not untakeable quite.*
13. *Eros' little cutie*
18. Thought *a Dickens figure* a beauty.
25 *rev.* *Concealing* her face may not do,
28. But I bet it would quite *upset you.*
30. *A much-dreaded Tsar*
32. Said: I'll *throw out* my samovar;
33. But the *inside part* objected
36. And the *wicked deed* was detected.
38. In a *land a wise King rules*
44 *rev.* There's *an oven,* for burning fools.
45. *With art, that's a thing* to worry
48. Over, *in the heart of Surrey.*
49. *I'm often at the Pole*
53. With my *father,* dear old soul,
54. *And as Horace used to put it,*
On the light fantastic we foot it.

ALONSO'S ACROSTIC: SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

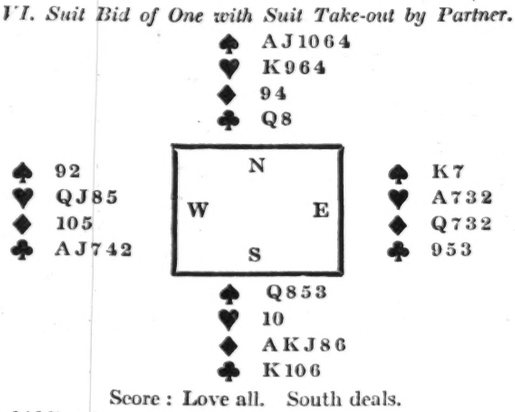


PAUL THE FIRST

BRIDGE

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

VI. Suit Bid of One with Suit Take-out by Partner.



Score: Love all. South deals.

The bidding is as follows:

South	..	1 ♦	3 ♠	No Bid
West	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid
North	..	1 ♠	4 ♠	
East	..	No Bid	No Bid	

Notes on the Bidding.

South's is a straightforward One Diamond bid. The take-out by North does not necessarily deny Diamonds but shows preference for the Spade suit. The *minimum* requirements for a suit take-out are:

(1) At least 1½ honour-tricks.
(2) A "biddable" suit.

In the present example, North holds 2+ honour-tricks.

In the absence of a forcing bid from North, South will not continue the bidding unless he has something new to show. The Spade bid, however, suits his hand. Revaluing his holding, he finds that if Spades are trumps he can produce about 5 supporting tricks.

He therefore gives North a double raise in Spades.

North also has a stronger holding than the minimum assumed by South: hence his raise to Four.

In play, North-South make ten tricks.

CALIBAN'S CONTRACT CAPTIONS—No. 8

Your take-out suit need not imply
That you'd your partner's suit deny;
Your aim is merely to suggest
What, for the two hands, may prove best.

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A Lecture on "THE NAVY'S RESPONSIBILITIES" will be given by ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD WEBB, K.C.M.G., C.B., at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, Gower Street, W.C. 1, on Wednesday, APRIL 29th, 1931, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, R.N., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., O.M.

A course of three Lectures on "THE INFLUENCE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH UPON EUROPEAN HISTORY IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY" will be given by DR. S. J. CRAWFORD, M.A., B.Litt., D.Phil. (Head of the Department of English Language and Comparative Philology, University College, Southampton), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, Gower Street, W.C. 1, on Thursdays, APRIL 30th, MAY 7th and 14th, 1931, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor R. W. Chambers, D.Lit., M.A., F.B.A. (Quain Professor of English in the University).

A Lecture on "THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA" will be given by Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE F. MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.G.S.I., D.S.O., at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, Strand, W.C. 2, on Wednesday, MAY 6th, 1931, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G.

A course of three Lectures on "PAGAN SURVIVALS IN MOHAMMEDAN CIVILISATION" will be given by Professor E. WESTERMARCK, Ph.D., LL.D. (Professor of Philosophy at the Academy of Abo, Finland), on MAY 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1931, at 5 p.m., at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C. 2. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor C. G. Seligman, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. (Professor of Ethnology in the University).

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